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The Mercury.

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NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1858, and is now in its hundred and fifty-fourth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, with less than half a dozen exceptions. It has been printed in the English language, it has large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, state, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

TERMS: \$2.00 a year in advance. Single copies in wrappers, 5 cents. Extra copies can always be obtained at the office of publication and at the various news rooms in the city. Specimen copies sent free, and special terms given advertisers by addressing the publisher.

Societies Occupying Mercury Hall

ROGER WILLIAMS LODGE, No. 26, Order Sons of St. George—Harry Dawson, President; Fred Hall, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays, 7:30.

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY—Andrew S. Melick, President; Daniel J. Coughlin, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 12:30.

ADMIRAL THOMAS CAMP, Spanish War Veterans—Meets 1st and 3rd Thursdays. Commander, Frederick J. Huenzle, Adjutant, Gus Segura. 12:30.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 1)—President, Mrs. Mary E. Sullivan; Secretary, Mrs. James Lynch. Meets 2nd and 4th Thursdays, 12:30.

NEWBORN LODGE, No. 11, K. of P.—James G. Walsh, Unimasked Commander; Robert S. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seal. Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays, 12:30.

DAVIS DEVOTION, No. 8, O. R. of P. M. H. Knight Captain F. G. Stuart, J. W. Schwarz, Recorder. Meets first Fridays, 7:30.

CLAY MOLWYN, No. 122—Hugh S. Melick, Chief; Alexander Gillies, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Fridays, 12:30.

NEWPORT LODGE, No. 22, Independent Order Sons of Benjamin—Louis Luck, President; Louis W. Kravitz, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Sundays, 12:30.

Smith Block Burned.

Spectacular Fire on Broadway Calls out Entire Department—Loss Large, but Big Conflagration was Averted.

The north half of the big Constant Smith building on Broadway is practically a thing of the past, a big fire sweeping through the structure Thursday noon, necessitating the slugging of a general alarm for the first time since the destruction of the New Cliffs Hotel some years ago. All the apparatus in the city was called to the scene, and it was badly needed, for the fire was in one of the largest and lightest constructed wooden buildings in Newport, surrounded by other wooden buildings, that threatened a tremendous conflagration. That the entire block was not swept off was due to the constant efforts of the firemen, coupled with the fact that only a light breeze was prevailing. At the most critical period of the fire, when the firemen were bending every effort to save the Spooner building on the south, the light wind shifted slightly and relieved them greatly.

It was about one o'clock Thursday noon that the fire was discovered in the northeast corner of the building well up toward the roof. Several persons gave the alarm, but in a very few moments the entire top story of the building was a mass of deep black smoke which completely filled the neighborhood. In the light wind the smoke arose in a great column high into the air and attracted attention in all parts of the city, bringing a great crowd to the scene. The department responded promptly on the first alarm, but it was at once seen that the force would be taxed to its utmost and a general alarm followed at once, bringing every piece of apparatus to the city to the scene.

The fire was at first in the upper part of the building and a strong water force was necessary to reach the flames. The hydrant streams were inadequate and it was not until the steamers went in to action that the water reached the desired points. In the meantime the upper part of the building was burning like a pile of dry shavings and it was useless to try to do much with that. The men devoted their attention to saving adjoining property which was in great peril. In the rear were many small wooden buildings, including barns which caught fire constantly but which were not seriously burned. The chemical engines were busy looking after roof fires, burning shingles being carried for a long distance. Many roofs in the immediate neighborhood caught, and even as far away as the First Baptist Church a slight fire was started but was quickly put out. Volunteers were at work on all the buildings near at hand and accomplished great work.

As the upper stories of the big building burned down the fire-fighting force pushed their way in and drove the flames toward the front. The fire started in the big building on the north but of course could not be kept out of the south part. Here however the firemen were bound to hold it as the destruction of that part of the building would mean at least serious damage to the Spooner building. Tons of water were hurled into the flames and the firemen crawled through the windows to fight the fire at close quarters. In many cases receiving painful burns but by great good fortune escaping serious injury. The volume of water finally made its effect and before three o'clock it was seen that the fire would make no further progress.

The Smith building was practically two buildings, the north part standing four stories high and running well back into the lot. This was occupied in the upper part by several tenements and clubs. The occupants escaped without serious trouble although they were much alarmed at the rapid progress of the fire. On the street floor were several stores and restaurant. The south part of the building was not so high and did not run back as far. The damage by fire to this part was much smaller and it is likely that this can be repaired, but the north building will have to be torn down.

The damage by water to all the stores on the street floor, was great. These were occupied by Esqan & Burke's restaurant, H. L. DeBlola's hardware store, Isaac Levy's dry goods store, Oliver Wilcox's grocery, O. H. P. Gladding's ice cream parlors, Rector's bakery, and Popple's Broadway shoe store. All carried some insurance, but it is not expected to nearly cover the loss in any case. There was little insurance on the building, the rate being so high as to be almost prohibitive.

An immense crowd of people was drawn to the scene, and the laws about the city hall and school buildings proved a fine place to see the spectacle. The heat was so intense that the window panes of the city buildings were hot to the touch. Head Master Thompson of the Rogers High School dismissed his pupils at once and they stood on the lawn to see the fire. In the City Clerk's office all books and papers were hurried into

the vaults as a precautionary measure in case a stream of water might be directed in that way.

The cause of the fire is unknown and will probably remain so as the destruction was complete in the section where the fire started. It seemed to originate over the rooms occupied by one of the clubs, and may have started around the chimney. The progress of the flames after their discovery was rapid, sweeping along through the upper part of the building as it was paper. Many of the occupants did not know the building was on fire until they were notified from the street. Then they left in a hurry. An estimate of the loss is difficult to make, but it will probably be not less than \$30,000.

It is doubtful if such a building as the one that was burned will be allowed to go up on the site. That was built before the city had an effective building law, and it had been regarded as a menace to the neighborhood. That the fire did not cause a great conflagration is a matter for much congratulation.

Wedding Bells.

Astor-Force.

Captain John Jacob Astor and Miss Madeleine Talange Force were united in marriage at the Astor residence, "Beechwood," in this city last Saturday morning, only immediate members of the family being present. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Joseph Lambert, pastor of Elmwood Temple Congregational Church of Providence. The bride was given away by her father, Mr. William H. Force of New York.

The wedding party arrived here on Colonel Astor's yacht "Noma" and landed at Lewis Cass Lyday's wharf, proceeding to Beechwood in automobile bibles. There the clergyman was in waiting and the ceremony was performed with little delay. Soon after the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Astor again boarded the Noma and sailed for New York, afterward going to the Astor residence on the Hudson. Mr. and Mrs. Force returned to New York by the Wickford Line.

The bride has spent considerable time in Newport during the summer and has been warmly welcomed by the members of the summer colony here. Her charm of manner has endeared her to all with whom she has come in contact and she will make a splendid hostess at the new old Astor residence here.

Very material improvements will be made on the polo grounds at Bateman's point before the opening of another season. These grounds were recently purchased by Mr. T. Saffern Taylor, who takes a great interest in the game and is anxious to encourage it in Newport. Mr. Taylor intends to have some of the big matches in Newport next year, if possible, and if not there will at least be lots of interesting polo. Contracts have been let for practically rebuilding the field and a practice field will also be built near at hand to save the match grounds as much as possible. Mr. Taylor's interest in the game means much for Newport.

Another important sale of real estate in the summer section of the city has been announced this week. Mr. George D. Widener of Philadelphia has purchased the Dr. C. M. Bell estate on Bellevue avenue and the Cliffs and will make extensive improvements before the opening of another season. This is a fine piece of property and is in good condition although it has not been occupied much for several years. Mr. Widener is a son of Mr. Peter A. B. Widener of Philadelphia and is well known in Newport, although he has not had a house here. His wife was formerly Miss Eleanor Elkins.

President Taft has made a provisional promise to visit Newport at the time of the dedication of the new Army and Navy Y. M. C. A. building in November. Senator Wetmore and General Secretary J. S. Tichenor called upon him in Beverly this week, and urged him to attend, with the result that he promised to come if his public duties would permit at the time. Whether or not this means that he will come remains to be seen.

Mr. Irving Watson, formerly editor and publisher of the Narragansett Herald, which was published at Narragansett Pier for a number of years, died at the Butler Hospital in Providence on Tuesday in his sixty-third year. He was well known in Newport and other places throughout the State, having been for some time president of the Rhode Island Press Association.

William H. Koobeldorff, chief master-at-arms at the Training Station, died at the Naval Hospital last week after a considerable illness. He is survived by a widow and three children. He was well known in Newport and made his permanent home here.

Mrs. Freeman Mott of Block Island, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. V. W. Sprague on Willow street.

School Committee.

The regular monthly meeting of the school committee on Monday evening, the first since the summer holidays, was a busy one, there being discussions of many matters pertaining to the schools. The attendance on the opening day was reported as much in excess of last year but the machinery was running smoothly and there seemed to be no serious congestion anywhere.

As it was the first day of school Superintendent Lull had no formal written report, but stated that the total registration on the opening day was 3349, as compared with 3324 two years ago. Last year was not a good basis for comparison, as the annual picnic by Mrs. T. Shaw Safe was given on that day and the registration fell off in consequence. The total registration in the Rogers High School this year was 509 and there will probably be many more yet. There were crowds in several of the schools but Mr. Lull expected to be able to straighten this out without serious difficulty. There were 171 examinations taken last week, in accordance with the advertisement. Some did not see the notices and applied for examinations on Monday, and these would be accommodated. The results of the examinations were generally satisfactory.

Mr. Peckham presented the report of the finance committee, showing total receipts of \$125,276.40 and expenditures of \$88,601.68, leaving a balance of \$36,674.72.

The report of the committee on teachers was presented by Rev. E. H. Potter, D. D. The resignation of Miss Hilda B. M. Hedberg as a teacher in the fifth grade at Calvert was received and accepted and Miss Katherine P. Donovan was elected to fill the vacancy at a salary of \$440. The resignation of Miss Helen M. Brown, assistant in the kindergarten at Calvert, was received and accepted. The resignation of Miss Edith A. Barber, teacher of drawing, was also accepted, to take effect October 6. Mr. Fred W. Johnstone, principal of the Bulfinch, Mass., High School, was elected teacher of the commercial courses in the Rogers High School at a salary of \$900.

There was some discussion about the methods of doing repair work on the school buildings, some of the members thinking that this work should be put out to bids. Mr. Bacheller for the committee on buildings, explained that it was impossible to prepare specifications for this repair work and get exact figures. A rule was adopted providing that twelve years satisfactory service as an assistant should be considered as the equivalent of a Normal School diploma. A change was also made in another rule, so that the trust officer might be empowered to go ahead with prosecution under the trust law without awaiting special instruction from the committee. A change in the regulations for admission to the Rogers High School was proposed and went over to the October meeting.

The election of janitors for the year caused some discussion. The committee on buildings recommended increases in the salaries of the janitors at the Industrial, Calvert and Potter schools, amounting to fifty dollars each. The first two were approved, but the third was held up for a time and the question of the fitness of the janitor of that school was referred to the committee on Potter school to make a report. Janitors were then elected for the year as follows:

Rogers George H. Young	\$800
Francis W. King	800
Samuel C. Bailey	900
Townsend and Coles	
John H. Bennett	1,000
Marla Devlin	500
Callender William H. James	750
Calvert Henry E. Hunt	750
Carey William Garb	750
Clarka Frank P. Gomes	780
Coddington Arnold H. James	800
Cogghehall Henry M. Young	780
Cranston James G. Swinburne	700
Leuthal Francis G. Wilbur	700
Mumford Daniel J. Ayler	700
Parish Catherine Casey	100
Thayer Joseph B. Pike	700

A request was presented asking for the transfer of a pupil from the Clarke to the Coddington school, and the request was granted. It was asked if the Clarke school was not sanitary and healthful and it was stated that it was. Thinking that some parents might object to this school it was decided to ask the board of health for an official report on it. All this matter occupied considerable time in discussion. Several invitations were accepted and other minor business was transacted.

A large number of school children clustered about the street railway waiting room on Monday and Tuesday, hoping that the annual outing given for a number of years past by Mrs. T. Shaw Safe would be repeated. The outing did not come off and there were many sorely disappointed youngsters.

Seventeen members of the Boy Scouts of Boston spent last Sunday in Newport, coming down on the converted yacht Pioneer. They were hospitably entertained while here.

Recent Deaths.

John Gilpin. Mr. John Gilpin, the dean of the newspaper reporters of Newport, died quite suddenly at his home on John Street on Sunday. Although his health had been far from robust for some time his death came entirely unexpected. On Thursday he had attended to his regular duties as usual, and when descending from the street car on his way home he was overcome by weakness and fell to the ground. He was assisted to his home and had since rested quietly there while regaining his strength. Sunday afternoon he retired to bed, after being about the house, and passed away within a few moments without a trace of suffering. Death was attributed to heart failure. Mr. Gilpin had never been a strong man physically, having suffered from lung weakness all his life, but his physical ailments did not prevent him from daily attention to his duties.

Mr. Gilpin was in many respects a remarkable man. He was self-made in the strictest interpretation of the term, and brought himself to the front against odds that seemed almost overwhelming. Lacking early education, he educated himself by practical experience and became one of the best known newspaper correspondents in the United States. Lacking health he insured himself to suffering and became one of the most active and hard-working of reporters. Lacking money, he saved and scrimped until his services became of sufficient value to command adequate financial reward. Lacking friends in his youth, his friendliness for others brought him friendship in return, so that his death was mourned by thousands.

John Gilpin was born in England sixty-three years ago, but came to this country when a mere baby. The death of his parents left him alone in the world at a tender age and he was brought up on Block Island. His life there was mostly marked by hard work, with little opportunity either for education or for the pleasures of boyhood. He took what schooling there was offered, but it was for only a few weeks in the year. When fourteen years of age he came to Newport and began his precarious struggle for a living and a place in the community. He first worked at odd jobs and won the confidence and esteem of those with whom he came in contact. He attended service at the Thames Street M. E. Church and made friends there. In the midst of his work he found time to secure the rudiments of his education by going to night school. He became a reader and secured a broader knowledge of the world through books and papers.

While still a boy he was employed as printer's devil on the Newport Daily News, but did not remain there a great while, although he continued to take an interest in news items. He was for a time in the employ of the predecessors of the present A. C. Titus Company, then known as Clarke, Titus and Freeborn, being located at the corner of Thames street and Washington square. He had the "nose for news" essential to a successful newspaper reporter, and took pleasure in carrying to the Daily News office such items as he picked up in the course of the day. These he was accustomed to relate to the editor, without trying to write out his own items. One day the then editor, who is now the editor of the MERCURY, took the time to show him how to write them out, and with subsequent practice Mr. Gilpin became a ready writer.

He devoted more and more of his time to news gathering and finally relinquished his commercial position to give all his time to his chosen work. He secured a permanent position on the Daily News, which he held until his death. He was the pioneer of newspaper correspondence, which now employs a large force of men and women and pays millions of dollars in salaries. He became the Newport correspondent for the New York Herald and the Boston Herald, positions that he retained for many years, and which brought him a fine income. He was a warm personal friend of James Gordon Bennett, and had a wide acquaintance among all the wealthy summer residents of Newport.

Mr. Gilpin took a deep interest in municipal affairs, especially in all that pertained to education. He served several years as a member of the public school committee, being active and zealous for the promotion of the work of the department. He was also prominently mentioned as a candidate for mayor of the city, and came within one vote of the nomination. He was an active member, being a member of St. John's Lodge, No. 1, A. F. & A. M., and also of St. John's Mutual Beneficial Association, having served as president of the latter organization. He was also a member of Coronet Council, No. 63, Royal Arcanum.

Mr. Gilpin is survived by a widow, to whom he had been married for thirty-eight years; also three daughters, Mrs.

W. Murley Mills, Mrs. Grace B. Gilpin, and Mrs. Thomas E. Hunt; and one son, Mr. Harold F. Gilpin, who now holds an important commercial position in New York. Mr. Gilpin was particularly happy in his family life and nothing gave him more pleasure than to talk about his children with his friends.

Funeral services were held at the Thames Street M. E. Church on Wednesday afternoon, and were attended by a gathering of representative citizens which completely filled the church. The remains were escorted from his late residence on John street to the church by St. John's Lodge and the Masonic ritual was conducted at the grave. Rev. Joseph C. Coper, pastor of the church, officiated and Mr. Thomas B. Connolly sang a favorite hymn of Mr. Gilpin.

The honorary bearers were Messrs. T. A. Pittman, B. F. Thurston, Fred M. Hammett and John G. Coriello of the Daily News, and Messrs. Nicholas E. Dwyer and T. Fred Kaul. The floral offerings were very numerous, testifying to the friendship and esteem in which he was held.

New Wall Approved.

The board of aldermen held a long special meeting on Tuesday evening, when final action was taken on the petition of Mr. Marston J. Perry for permission to build a wall on city property near his estate on Ocean avenue. This petition had been before the board for some weeks, and recently a committee was appointed to examine the site and report. The committee made an inspection with the street commissioner and recommended that the petition be granted. This city solicitor made a decision to the effect that the city had a right to do this. The board at its meeting on Tuesday passed a resolution granting the petition. Alderman Kelly alone voting the negative.

Mr. Perry proposes to remove the pipe fence which now protects vehicles on the south side of his property along the water front, and in its place to erect a handsome and substantial wall. He will also remove the low buildings on his estate so that a better view of the water can be obtained from passing vehicles. The present roadway will not be encroached upon, but the wall will stand on city property. He agrees to sign a paper stating that he acquires no ownership to the land thus set off. It appears that the roadway will be much improved, as far as safety is concerned, and its appearance will certainly be better.

The resolution adopted by the board of aldermen was as follows: "Resolved, That Marston J. Perry be permitted to erect a stone wall on lands belonging to the city of Newport in front of the estate of said Marston J. Perry on Ocean avenue, said wall to be erected about five feet further back from the road than the present rail fence now on the land, it being understood and agreed that the said Marston J. Perry will acquire no title to the land belonging to the city of Newport by reason of the erection of said wall, and it being further understood, and agreed that the said Marston J. Perry will remove said wall at any time upon request from the proper authorities, and the city solicitor is hereby directed to draw up and have executed the necessary legal papers to carry this vote into effect."

At the same meeting of the board the city solicitor reported that in his opinion the sole right to make contracts lay in the board of aldermen and that no head of any department had the right to make a legal contract without the approval of the board. It was therefore decided that the recent contract made by the street commissioner with Scaneyin & Potter was not binding, and it was thought advisable to have a new one approved by the board of aldermen.

The cornerstone of the new church for St. Augustine's parish will be laid with fitting ceremonies on Sunday, September 24th, and invitations will be issued to Governor Pothier and other prominent citizens of the State to be present.

Miss Clara A. Staunhope of this city, who graduated from the Women's College of Brown University last June, has gone to Hackensack, N. J., to begin her new duties as a teacher in the public schools there.

The handsome steam yacht Aloha, belonging to ex-Commander Arthur Cutler James, will be laid up in Newport for the winter, a berth having been engaged at Sullivan's wharf.

Newport will probably receive a visit from the Chinese cruiser Hai Chi, which is now in New York for a few days. This will be the first visit of a vessel of the Chinese navy.

The street cars are now running to Morton park instead of to the Beach, and those passengers who desire to go down Bath road have to take transfers at Franklin street.

Many families are remaining in Newport for the fall season, and they are wise. There is no surer time of the whole year than September and October.

Local Matters.

Perry Victory Centennial.

The second annual meeting of the Interstate Commission of the Perry Victory Centennial was held at Put-In-Bay Island, Lake Erie, on Saturday, September 9, the 10th falling on Sunday. There was a full representation of all the States participating, and the meeting was a very enthusiastic one. Lieutenant General Miles, Admiral Clarke and General Keifer, appointed by President Taft to represent the United States Government, were present and took an active part in the proceedings. It is thought that nearly one million dollars will be available to build a fitting memorial to Rhode Island's great naval genius and the brave Rhode Island men and boys who fought the Battle of Lake Erie. It is not expected now that it will be possible to have this memorial completed in time to fittingly celebrate the centennial of this great event two years hence, but at that time the cornerstone will be laid with impressive ceremonies. Ohio and all the other States interested are preparing to celebrate this great occasion in a fitting manner.

The officers of the association elected last year were all re-elected this year, including Senator Sumner Mowry of Rhode Island, vice president; John P. Sanborn, member of the executive committee, and Harry Cutler of Providence auditor general. The Rhode Island members of the Interstate Commission are Senators John P. Sanborn of Newport, Sumner Mowry of South Kings-town, and Louis W. Arnold of Westerly; Speaker William C. Bliss of East Providence and Representative Harry Cutler of Providence.

There was a meeting of the Newport Improvement Association at the rooms of the Newport Historical Society on Thursday morning, with a good attendance. Hon. F. P. Garretton called the meeting to order and Mr. John Thompson Spencer was made temporary chairman. Mr. Spencer explained the purposes of the association, which is an outgrowth of the committee of twenty. Mr. Levy presented by-laws which were read and adopted temporarily. The chair appointed a committee to name candidates for officers, as follows: Rear Admiral F. E. Chadwick, Mr. G. M. Hutton, Mr. John R. Abney, Mr. L. K. Carr and Captain J. P. Cotton. The association will meet again next Thursday.

At the regular meeting of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening, a petition was received from William H. Hayes of the Torpedo Station for damages to the amount of \$4000 for injuries alleged to be caused by a fall on the sidewalk on Long wharf on July 15th. A hearing was ordered for September 23. Routine business was transacted.

France and Germany are still "united in nothing."

CHATTANOOGA

By Captain
F. A. MITCHELCopyright, 1892, by American
Press Association

CHAPTER XI.

A SOUTH CAROLINA GEOLOGIST.

WHEN the trap door of the attic had closed over Laura Fain after her interview with Mark stood for a few minutes pondering on her strange treatment of him. Then he turned to the breakfast. He had eaten nothing since the evening before and the sight of the greater part of a fried chicken (it had been killed by Laura's orders for him only that morning) was especially grateful.

Soon after he had finished his breakfast a hand was extended through the trap, a pitcher of water and toilet articles were left and the dishes taken. At noon a meal was headed in by the same fair hand.

Though but two meals had been thus left, Laura began to perceive that she could not thus feed her charge without soon being discovered. When she took Mark's dinner to him she entered the attic and had him close the trap, after her.

"It will not do for you to stay here much longer," she said. "My mother has already become suspicious that I have something on my mind, and I fear being detected carrying these meals. I dare not tell her all, and I dare not risk her discovering that you are here."

"I will be sure capture for you to go. The negroes tell me that the country people are all out looking for the spy."

"I can't stay here and compromise you."

"I have a plan. This evening I will watch for an opportunity for you to go down stairs. You can introduce yourself as a guest, and though you will be every minute in danger you will be safer than here."

"And, in case I am discovered, will not be caught like a rat in a trap."

"You can appear as a traveler. You must have a hat. I will bring you one. At the first opportunity after dark I'll come to the trap and knock. Follow me down stairs. I don't think any one will recognize you in these clothes. They have been packed away since my brother went to Virginia a year ago. Mamma only saw you, when you were here before, after dark on the veranda, and well, I think there will be a very good chance for you to play guest without detection."

"The servants?"

"They would never betray a Yankee. They think you are all coming down to free them, and they'll have nothing to do but lie in the sun."

"Not an unpleasant occupation on a pleasant day," said Mark irreverently.

"Should anything happen, I only fear mamma. And, after all, she is a woman," she added significantly.

"Which you pretend not to be."

"If all goes well you will be assigned a room—the guest chamber perhaps—and if it is not safe for you to be down stairs, you may feign to be ill and keep your apartment."

Mark was better pleased with the plan than remaining where he was. He did not expect to remain in the house longer than till the next night, when he hoped those who were seeking for him would become tired of the hunt and give him a chance for his life.

"I'll do all you suggest," he said to Laura, "and whether you wish it or not I am very grateful."

She lowered her eyes under his look of gratitude and then went below.

As soon as it grew dark Mark waited for the signal. It came a few minutes before nine o'clock. Mrs. Fain had remained in the parlor up to that moment, when she went up stairs to get some article necessary to a piece of work she was doing. Laura followed her, turning out the lights by the way and keeping on up to the attic.

Within a few seconds after her knock Mark was descending the stairs and in a twinkling was in the parlor. Not half a minute elapsed between the signal and his arrival there.

It was not long before Mrs. Fain was heard groping about up stairs in the dark, wanting to know who had turned out the lights and calling on a servant to relight them. When she entered the parlor she was surprised to see her daughter in company with a stranger, who was standing, hat in hand, as though he had just come in from without.

"Mamma," said Laura, with her heart in her throat, but with the most assured of innocent tones. "This is a gentleman who—Mr.——"

"Rhett," supplied Mark.

"Mr. Rhett, of—"

"South Carolina."

Any old Virginia or South Carolina name was quite enough to insure a welcome from Mrs. Fain. Without waiting to hear what he might say further or an account of how he came to be there so suddenly, she said:

"I'm pleased to see you, sir; are you related to the Rhetts, of South Carolina?"

"We all came of the same main stem, madam," said Mark, assuming the tone of a southern gentleman.

"Mr. Rhett is traveling, mamma. He says that—that—"

"I am looking for mines, madam. You may not know it, but you are in the center of a rich mineral region."

It is pleasant to hear that fortune may come soon, and Mrs. Fain was evidently much pleased at the information.

"Indeed!" she said calmly.

"Yes, madam, I have been looking for ore. I presume I need not say whether in government interest or not, we must have cannons, you know."

"Government officers are not bound

to disclose their identity or their objects, sir."

"I have been prospecting, madam, and am separated from my party owing to the stupidity of the driver of the vehicle which contains my crucibles and chemicals. I appeared at your door and your daughter was kind enough to ask me in—not surprising, considering your far famed Tennessee hospitality."

"You are quite welcome, sir."

Mark bowed low, with his hand on his heart, like a South Carolina gentleman of the old school.

"Have you supper?" asked Mrs. Fain.

"Yes, madam; I succeeded in getting a meal by the way. A poor one, indeed, a very poor one, with burned beans for coffee. But since the abolition Lincoln government has violated all rules of civilized warfare by this cruel blockade—intending to starve us into submission—I suppose we must take what we can get. I repeat it, we must take what we can get, madam."

Mark's eyes flashed with well feigned indignation.

"It is our duty to bear our deprivations cheerfully," said Mrs. Fain. "We shall gain our independence at last, and that should be an incentive."

"It should, madam, and let me tell you we are about to see stirring times and great successes. This region has become of especial military importance. Our forces will be in front of Nashville, perhaps Louisville, very soon, while General Lee can't fall with such noble men as he has in his army—the very flower of the south—the flower of the south, madam—he can't fall, I say, to drive the Yankees out of Virginia!"

"You are very hopeful."

While Mark was thus performing, Laura stood with downcast eyes, and if her mother had not been so interested in the hopeful words of the garrulous South Carolinian she would have noticed a slow heaving of her daughter's bosom, with here and there a slight spasmodic action.

"And now, madam," said Mark, "may I beg for a night's lodging? I fear it is too late to find my party."

"Certainly, sir. Call Miranda, my dear."

Miranda was summoned and directed to show the gentleman to the guest chamber on the second floor in the front of the house.

Mark went with the servant and remained in his room long enough to have made a toilet and then sauntered down stairs. At the door of the parlor in which Mrs. Fain and her daughter were sitting, he paused, as if waiting for an invitation to enter. This was given him, but he did not stay long. For a hot blooded South Carolinian, he seemed not to hear the heat, and manifested a desire to get out on to the veranda. Indeed he had a wholesome dread of the light. Besides he desired to be where he could converse with Laura.

"If I may beg you to excuse me, ladies," he said, "I will go out for a little fresh air."

He strolled out into the night and walked back and forth on the veranda.

"Laura," said Mrs. Fain, "go out and entertain Mr. Rhett. I'm afraid of the night air myself."

"Do you think it essential, mamma?"

"Certainly I do. South Carolinians are especially particular about the entertainment of their guests, and I wouldn't have it go back to Charleston that we had been remiss for the world."

Laura obeyed her mother and joined the guest on the veranda.

"You are safe for the present," she said, her eyes glistening in the moonlight and a bright spot on each cheek.

"Thanks to your courage and ingenuity."

"Oh, no; no! That's absurd. For you to speak of my courage! Do you know that the recklessness with which you put your neck into a halter is as unintelligible to me as mathematics would be to one of our servants."

"For the cause," said Mark, "one ought to—"

"Nonsense! The cause! You love these dangers."

"There is a fascination in them, I admit. So long as there is one chance for me, no matter how many there are against me—so long as I have an arm or a weapon to fight with I am a man. When cornered and taken I am the veriest coward in the world. While in prison in Chattanooga I moaned and whined like a frightened child. The truth is that danger is fascinating only either before it is encountered or after it has passed. When I am in it I want to get out of it; when I am out of it I want to get in it again."

"I don't believe you know the meaning of the word fear."

"Indeed you are mistaken. If I did not feel fear there would be no fascination in danger."

"Then you have a way with you of making people do what you like. When you were here before you fascinated all the servants. You completely captivated Uncle Daniel, who has talked of no one else since."

"Daniel is a good man. He'll be of use to me yet."

"Yes, of use to you. You use every one either openly or by deception. I almost fancied you were professor—somebody. Just now, when you were deceiving poor mamma. You reminded me of Mephistopheles for all the world."

"You flatter," said Mark in irony.

"You are Mephistopheles. You come here and compel me to harbor you. You are seeking to injure the cause I favor, and I give you my brother's clothes, when that brother is fighting for that cause. Why do I not send for some one to come and take you?"

"On account of your native lovelessness."

"You are a very devil."

"I never regarded myself a saint."

"And the worst of it is," she went on, her eyes sparkling all the while, and talking rapidly, "that such devilry is especially fascinating to me. I would love to be a man. I would do what you do. I would belong to the cavalry. I would be a scout. I would be a—"

"Spy?"

"Anything I had the courage to do. I would delight in battles, in charges, in—heavens!"

The exclamation was occasioned by a horseman who had approached while they were talking.

"Don't be frightened," said Mark bending over her and whispering in her ear. "It is only a private soldier. He is not after me, and if he is he can't have me."

Mark left her and advanced to the rail of the veranda.

"Can you tell me how far 'tis to Chattanooga?" asked the man.

"About two miles, I reckon, as the crow flies; three or four really."

"Straight 'long up the road?"

"Yes."

"I'm a courier. I be'n carryen dispatches; but I didn't go this way."

"Well, you just keep the road and you'll get through all right. Any news from the front?"

"Don't know any. I be'n away from Chattanooga two days."

"Well, you haven't far to go."

"Good night, sir."

"Good night."

Mark went back to Laura. She had not recovered from her fright, and he was obliged to wait a few moments before he could get a word from her.

"I suppose you think me a dreadful coward," she said at last. "After all, I'm only a woman."

"Not cowardly for yourself; for a poor devil whose neck is in a halter."

"Yes, I'm only a girl, but I own the



life of a brave man, a soldier, a reckless monster, a fiend, a spy."

"Anything else?"

"There are no more words to express what I mean."

"Laura," called Mrs. Fain, "if you are going to stay out any later you'd better get a shawl."

"I'm going in, mamma."

They walked into the house together. Mr. Rhett, of South Carolina, made a few commonplace remarks to Mrs. Fain and then begged to be excused, as he had been prospecting during the day and was very tired. He bowed low to the ladies and then went up stairs.

CHAPTER XII.

SURPRISED.

THE next morning Mark hearing a tap at the door got out of bed and opened it cautiously. He half expected to see through the slight opening he at first made the muzzle of a revolver pointing directly at him. He saw a very different sight. It was a large tumbler, with a straw in it, on a silver tray in the hands of a negro.

"Mrs. Fain's compliments, sah," and he handed Mark a mint julep.

"Ah!" exclaimed Mark, with intense satisfaction.

"Present my compliments to your mistress and tell her I perceive with pleasure that this noble Virginia custom has found its way into Tennessee, as it has long ago into South Carolina."

"Yes, sah!"

However, Mark desired to keep his head cool, considering the circumstances, and contented himself with a few swallows of the julep, and after completing his toilet joined the ladies at the breakfast table. He praised Mrs. Fain's fried chicken and light biscuit and corn bread, and was about to give the coffee a few words of encomium when, tasting it beforehand, he discovered the prevailing chicory. So he entered upon a tirade against the blockade, and ended by hoping that Abe Lincoln would at last be hanged higher than Haman, a reference that gave him a disagreeable sensation about the neck and caused Laura's bosom to heave tumultuously.

After breakfast he took his pipe and went out to smoke in the yard. He sauntered around to the barn and found Daniel at work upon the horses.

"Daniel," he said, "good morning."

"Mornen, sah," said Daniel, eying him suspiciously.

Mark suddenly turned and looked him in the eye, knowingly.

"Daniel," said he, "are you all right on the cause of freedom?"

"Reckon I air, sah."

"Suppose you had a chance to favor that cause, the cause which if it triumphs will make all darkies free, would you do it?"

"Reckon I would, sah."

"Well, suppose a Union man were to ask you to—"

"Yo' countenance air berry familiar to me, sah."

"Do I look like Mr. Slack?"

"God bless the Lord! I wonder if yo' air Mr. Slack?"

"Or the colored girl who came here the other night," Mark asked in a low, confidential tone.

"Fo' de Lord!"

"Never mind who I am, Daniel. I'm a Union man. Now I want you to go into Chattanooga and learn all you can of the latest army news. Don't trust your own eyes, but ask people what's going on. I want to know if troops are leaving Chattanooga, and if so,

where they are going. Here are ten dollars. Buy some things for the old woman and the children, and ask questions—of other people I mean, not me."

"Trust me for dat," said the old man, and going to the stable he began to harness a horse to the family wagon.

When Mark finished smoking he went into the house. He passed into the library, where he found Laura. She seemed to feel easier than when Mark had been up stairs, but she was in continual dread. Mark asked her to sit on a sofa facing one window while he sat facing another. "Then we'll have the position enfiladed," he said.

Laura did not understand what that meant, but she did as he desired.

They sat thus without suffering the watch to relax during three delightful hours—delightful notwithstanding the danger Mark was in. Laura wanted an account of his adventures in Chattanooga and he gave it. When she came to Sour's part in his escape Laura was visibly affected; indeed so intensely were her feelings wrought upon by this portion of the story that she started at every sound, realizing the more perfectly that Mark's neck was still in jeopardy.

Then came an account of the trial; the march to the courtroom; the waiting for the counsel; the arrival of Captain Cameron Fitz Hugh.

"Captain Cameron Fitz Hugh?"

"Then it was all out that Laura's lover had defended the spy, and Laura confessed that she was Fitz Hugh's betrothed."

In the midst of the excitement attending all this Mrs. Fain entered carrying a silver tray, on which was a basket of cake and a decanter and glasses.

"A little luncheon may not be amiss, Mr. Rhett," she said. "I don't know your South Carolina customs in such matters, but my daughter and I occasionally take a biscuit at this hour."

Mark rose and faced about. His hand went to his heart, and he bowed low. Laura, too, rose and stood looking at her mother.

"Madam," said Mark, "can I ever forget this kindness?"

"If you will discover the ore you seek on our property I shall feel amply repaid," said the lady sententiously.

"Trust me, madam, I will have diligent search made."

"Are you a geologist?"

"None but a geologist would be hunting for ore in the government service."

"That is a fascinating study," remarked Mrs. Fain, who was a great reader and a very intelligent woman.

Now Mark, though an educated man and born to a taste for the sciences, unfortunately knew less about the profession he had temporarily adopted than any other.

"There are some curious geological facts," Mrs. Fain went on, "which always interest me. I was reading yesterday that a famous geologist has said that centuries—I have forgotten how many—were consumed while Niagara falls were wearing their way from Levison to the present site. How long was it, professor? I'm sure you have that title."

"It could not have been less than five hundred years, madam," said Mark, laying great stress on the figures as something enormous.

"Five hundred? I thought it was something like twenty thousand!"

Mark perceived that he had made a gross blunder, but it would never do for him to acknowledge it.

"I am aware," he said, "that such is the opinion of a certain school of geologists with more assurance than brains. I refer to those scoffers who are continuously trying to find evidence against the Moslem account of creation, but I regard their position untenable."

There was a pleased look on Mrs. Fain's countenance. She belonged to the Baptist denomination and believed thoroughly that the world was made in six days of twenty-four hours each.

"Professor," she said, withdrawing from the room at the same time, "I trust that you will remain in the neighborhood a long while, and I beg you to honor us by making this house your home in the meantime."

Mark was standing with a half filled glass of wine in his left hand, while his right was on his heart. Mrs. Fain made her exit through the door by which she had come, opening into the dining room. As the door closed Mark was bending to the floor, admiringly representing a South Carolina gentleman of the olden time.

He heard something like a low cry—half surprised, half terror—from Laura. Turning quickly toward her he saw her eyes fixed in a stare on some object at the door opening into the hall. Another turn of his head and there stood the figure of Captain Cameron Fitz Hugh.

Twice before had Mark seen that face, once when Fitz Hugh had approached the Fain house the morning Mark had left it for Chattanooga, and once when the young Confederate had defended him at the trial.

No sooner had Captain Fitz Hugh laid eyes on Mark's face than he recognized the spy he had defended at Chattanooga.

"Professor," he said coolly, "you are very adroit!"

Mark turned scarlet, and then ashy pale. For a moment it seemed that his legs would not support him.

"Since you are so good at extricating yourself from difficulties, you have a fine opportunity to show your skill now," Fitz Hugh spoke with his hand on the handle of his pistol. "May I trouble you to throw up your hands, professor?"

"It is not necessary," said Mark. "I am unarmed."

A picture of his certain fate flashed across his mind, and he wished Fitz Hugh would shoot him.

"On your word of honor?"

"Why do you ask such a question? You know that I am an arch deceiver."

"At any rate, you are a gentleman. Never mind throwing up your hands."

Laura remained silent, staring at them both as though she had lost her reason. Had she a hundred things to say her tongue could not have been made to utter one.

Mark turned toward Fitz Hugh and looked him square in the face. He

had conceived an idea; a desperate one. It is true, still a hope. Quick to discern people's peculiarities, he had gotten an insight into Fitz Hugh's character.



"MAY I TROUBLE YOU TO THROW UP YOUR HANDS?"

acter when that officer had defended him at Chattanooga. He now resolved to take advantage of that knowledge.

"Captain," he said, "notwithstanding the position in which you saw me a few days ago, notwithstanding the painful situation in which you see me now, you have on both occasions done me the honor to consider me a gentleman. I assume to a perception in this respect not less keen than yours. Indeed so sure am I of the delicacy, the refinement of your instincts, that I feel perfectly safe under this roof."

"How so?" asked Fitz Hugh, surprised.

"I am the guest of that young lady."

Mark stood with his arm outstretched, his finger pointing to Laura Fain. Laura gave a glance at Mark as he spoke, which caught the eye of Captain Fitz Hugh. It contained admiration, devotion. Fitz Hugh gazed from one to the other without a word.

"I need not explain further, captain," Mark added. "A gentleman cannot mistake my position; only a gentleman can understand it."

"You mean, sir," said Fitz Hugh, "that I cannot honorably enter this house and profit or cause my country to profit by what I find here without the consent of the inmates?"

"I do."

"Mrs. Fain is the acknowledged head of this house, and she is evidently deceived. But I concede to Miss Fain the right to speak for her. I acknowledge Miss Fain's right to hold me to this secret, if any one has such a right. But when Miss Fain shall have been fully advised of all the facts—"

"Pardon me; she knows all you know."

"Then when Miss Fain shall have duly considered the interests of her country I am quite sure she will give her consent."

The attention of both men became fixed upon Laura, for it was evident that she would be called upon to make a decision between her country and her lover on the one hand and the defenseless Union spy on the other. Laura knew the sterling worth, the high sense of honor and duty of her lover. She knew that if she held him to secrecy he would consider it evidence that she permitted her interest in the spy to overwhelm her sense of duty. And would he not attribute her protection to something more tender than an ordinary interest? Fitz Hugh realized her position; indeed there seemed to dash into both of them the feeling that her decision would lie between two men—her lover and the Federal spy. With Mark it was a question of life or death.

"Miss Fain—Laura," said Fitz Hugh, speaking slowly and impressively, "I ask your permission to give up this impostor—pardon me, sir, for the plainness of my language; it is essential—this spy, who desires to carry information north to the detriment of our country; who seeks the defeat of our cause—the cause in which your brother is every day risking his life; lastly—though this may be a matter of small importance—the cause for which I, your lover, would lay down my life as I would lay it down for you. It seems to me that it is a question between your duty and your inclination. Does it seem so to you?"

"It does."

"Then tell me, may I send for a guard to take him?"

Laura's eyes shone like those of a tigress at bay. In a firm, clear voice, she said:

"No!"

For a few moments there was the stillness of death.

"She has decided in your favor, sir," said Fitz Hugh, whose color left his cheek when Laura spoke the little word that decided his and Mark's fate. "You have nothing to fear from me."

Then turning to Laura:

"I can understand the motive, the temptation. The act remains."

"You may consider yourself released from all ties with one whose act you do not approve," said Laura.

"Be it so," and he turned to go.

Mark sprang forward and seized him by the wrist.

"My God, this shall not be! You believe that this is due to more than an ordinary womanly interest in Miss Fain for me. It is not so. I swear to you, on the honor of a

Again it has been proved that with plenty of water a fire in a wooden building can be controlled. Newport's long predicted conflagration has been again postponed.

The death of John Gilpin removes the dean of the newspaper fraternity in Newport. His death leaves a gap in the ranks that it will be difficult to fill. He was beloved by all who knew him, and his acquaintances were legion.

The "House of Governors" in session in New Jersey thinks that the United States Courts are interfering with state rights and have appointed the governor of Ohio, Missouri and Nebraska a committee to put in a proper protest at what they call an invasion of state rights.

The Maine prohibition question seems to be a badly mixed-up muddle. The victory received very very materially and thus far it is impossible to tell whether the "wets" or the "drys" have won the victory, and the constitutional lawyer of the State says that a recount is impossible.

The verdict in the Beattie case was no surprise to those who have followed the trial closely. If over there was a time when circumstantial evidence seemed to close around a defendant in a murder case it was in this instance. And yet circumstantial evidence is never absolute.

It looks very much as if President Taft of the New Haven road had "put one over" on the newspaper men. After all the nagging that he has been given by the newspapers he probably did not feel very bad to see them fall into the trap which they had practically dug for themselves.

The result of the special election in Maine on Monday shows one thing conclusively and only one thing. That is that the people of the State are practically evenly divided on the question of retaining or abolishing the prohibition clause in the constitution. To all intents and purposes an equal number voted to retain the clause and to abolish it. The liquor question will still cause discussion in Maine.

The trial of the Los Angeles dynamiters will soon begin and then all the world will stand still to watch the outcome. If the men under arrest are guilty they should receive the full limit of the law, and union labor should be the first to see that they get their deserts; if they are innocent it must be because the evidence that has been adduced was manufactured and in that case the government representatives should be severely punished. But the country wants justice done, to either case.

If the reported intent of the citizens of Arizona, regarding the constitutional provision for recall of judges, is correct, that State is not yet fit to be admitted to the Union. It is announced that they propose a course of open duplicity, and intend to betray the trust imposed upon them, by re-inserting the provision for the judicial recall in the constitution at the first legal opportunity. After a State is admitted to sovereign power the United States has no further jurisdiction over its internal affairs, so that this could of course be legally done. But what a shameful betrayal of the confidence of the people this action would be.

The officials of the Grand Trunk Railway have announced in London that they have no intention of developing Providence, R. I., as a terminal port. At the time that the Grand Trunk demanded entrance into Providence the residents of that city pictured the harbor as a great Trans-Atlantic shipping port and decided everybody who ventured to differ with them. Now the newspapers are trying to console themselves with the statement that they never really expected that anyway; all they really wanted was the railway. And all the railway wanted was to get in a little blow at the New Haven. What does the Grand Trunk care about Providence?

Now that John Jacob Astor is safely and legally married, it is to be hoped that the newspapers will give him a rest. While it is true that the remarriage of divorced persons is contrary to the doctrine of the church, Colonel Astor has committed no legal crime and the newspaper publicity that he has won has been simply due to the somewhat morbid desire of the common people to see a man of wealth impaled for public edification. Colonel Astor is not a rascal nor a rake; on the contrary he is an honest, sober and industrious citizen, who has shown his public spirit on more than one occasion. He has carried himself well through the trying time of the past few weeks, his conduct being in far better taste than that of some of the ordered clergymen who claim to have refused enormous fees to perform the ceremony. While the attitude of the clergy as a whole has been dignified and self-respecting, the desire of some to receive free advertising has not been encouraging. But the great blame for the unpleasant and unedifying publicity lies with the great reading public who hastened avidly to buy those papers that brought out the greatest number of sensations.

Fake American Colleges.

Many Unknown "Universities" are making Money by Selling Degrees—Efforts of the United States Government to Correct these Abuses.

EDITOR NEWPORT MERCURY.

Dear Sir:—In the editorial column of "The Newport Mercury," of the issue of September 9, 1911, I read the following paragraph:—

"A number of fake colleges, which exist through the selling of fake degrees, are under the fire of the National Educational Association. Something must be done if an L. B. is not to become as common as cologne."

In the closing month of the year 1910 Dr. Charles Kenrick Babcock, A. B. of University of Minnesota and Ph. D. of Harvard University, was called from the presidency of the University of Arizona to the position of Chief of Division of Higher Education in Bureau of Education of the United States and placed in charge of an investigation looking to the exposure of "fake" educational institutions organized for no other purpose than the sale of college degrees; to classify colleges of more or less repute finding profitable the business of conferring easy or low standard degrees, and to make recommendations that may be presented to Congress and to the legislatures of the several States in this Nation with the view of obtaining legislation which shall put a stop to the business of selling worthless or cheap degrees.

A few weeks since one glowing himself "Bud-M'bell, Zulu Chief," Lange, South Africa, inquired:

"As you may be a position to know about the status and location of the so-called McKimley University of Louisville, could you kindly send me some information about it? I want this information in the interest of American education and African education. Recently the McKimley University has been conferring very high degrees on persons in this country. For example, it has conferred a Ph. D. on a person who has not and could not pass the matriculation of our University. This man has never been to America. It is such things as these that make men skeptical of some American degrees."

The writer of the above quoted letter, in all probability, received his education in an English college. Thus far it has been impossible to obtain any information regarding the McKimley University.

There is in the City of Washington (D. C.) a "university" which announces in its catalogue that for the sum of \$100 contributed to the "Oriental University" a scholarship may be secured "good for one complete education in each of succeeding generations. In the choice of electives the student may take a course in astrology, typewriting, tropical architecture, invalid cookery, and bill collecting and after the payment of his money a degree will be conferred on him.

Near the city of Raleigh, North Carolina, there exists a Negro institution that issues an annual elaborate catalogue in which is printed the names of a board of Directors and a Faculty numbering twelve professors; a full description of the College preparatory department, a normal department, an industrial department, and model school. The College course is divided into four years supplemented by and is a special theological course, the graduate in which receives the degree of Bachelor of Divinity.

Law, medical and dental departments are soon to be added. Tuition \$8.50 per month in advance. All students must furnish quilts, sheets, pillowcases, napkins and fling, a shawl and overalls, and a lamp. Kerosene oil will be furnished.

The catalogue describes this institution as one of the largest schools in the South for the colored race with accommodations for more than 600 students, but on a visit to the school there was found in a dilapidated building, located on a cotton plantation belonging to the president, seven or eight little Negroes learning arithmetic and their A. B. C's. All of the pupils were members of the president's own family, and the teacher was his daughter. Yet, in the catalogue of this "University" for the eighteenth year of its existence, the president says:—

"When viewing the arduous work through which I have passed, and the guidance of Almighty God, I cannot but seize this opportunity to express myself—not from any other cause but gratefulness.

"There is no school for the benefit of the race which has had so humble an origin as this, and yet (if signs mean anything) is destined to be one of the foremost for the higher elevation of our people."

"I cannot forget to thank the generous white people of the Old North State and elsewhere, who have so kindly helped me in this work. While thanking for the past, earnestly plead for their aid in the future."

It might be added that the president of this institution is accustomed to make annual pilgrimages to the North where he lectures on his work and collects contributions.

An old and well known institution of higher education located in the Middle West prints in its catalogue, viz:—

"For some years—has had a non-resident course leading to the degree of Ph. D. Only those who have completed the full college course are entitled to enter for this degree. Its object is to give the student some of the latest and best thought to arm him against the error of the times and to equip him for the battle of life. No course has brought the college so much favor as this."

his thesis or thesis, and after some correspondence with the president of the institution, receives his Ph. D. The student receives a cheap degree from a recognized institution of higher learning with, possibly, the saving of at least two years of hard study and work.

In the above letter only three classes of institutions have been mentioned. It is intended that the investigation shall proceed, by personal visitation and otherwise, for at least another year and that the report to be presented shall show a comparative evaluation of all schools of higher and professional education in the United States which will be of interest not only to educators but to all thinking persons.

NARRAGANSETT ABROAD.

Washington, D. C., September 28, 1911.

Perry's Victory Celebration.

Last Sunday was the ninety-eighth anniversary of the Battle of Lake Erie, when Commodore Perry and his one hundred and fifty troops and men from Newport won immortal fame and opened the vast Northwest country for the United States. This great Rhode Island victory was formerly celebrated in Newport, but of late years, we regret to say, the celebration has been left to the West, Ohio, and especially Cleveland, observes the tenth of September as one of the great days of the year. The Cleveland Leader of Monday last contains the account of the celebration of the day before as follows:

Yesterday marked the ninety-eighth anniversary of the battle of Lake Erie and in Commodore Perry's honor the largest crowd that ever attended a celebration of the event was present. The seafront was crowded with Perry monuments were packed fifty deep with Cleveland citizens.

The celebration was held under the auspices of the Forest City Branch of the National Association of Letter Carriers. Gathered with them were numerous other societies and more than 2,000 persons marched through Wade Park in the parade.

Mr. Egbert, as chairman, delivered the opening address, and spoke of the need of present day citizens following the example of the early Americans of Perry's type. Acting Mayor Walker, who spoke in the absence of Mayor Haught, put under way a movement for a permanent monument of bronze to Perry. He suggested placing the monument in the mall and holding the dedication two years hence, on the occasion of the centennial celebration.

Charles W. Burrows recited the causes of the War of 1812 and took occasion to criticize Colonel Roosevelt's statement that Perry should have won the battle of Lake Erie without much effort. Mr. Burrows pointed out the overwhelming odds against which the Commodore struggled, including the nearly fatal insubordination of one of his own officers.

J. J. Sullivan declared that Perry's victory was not the outcome of a mere struggle of men, but was a single triumph over the man himself, and drew the parallel that it might follow.

County Commissioner Van talked of the difficulties which confronted Perry. The parade formed at Superior avenue and A street, under the leadership of Colonel G. X. Zimmerman, of the Fifth Ohio Infantry and marched along the East boulevard to the monument. In line were the Fifth regiment, the Cleveland battalion of Engineers, the G. A. R. post, the Spanish War Veterans, the Knights of St. John, Odd Fellows, the Foresters, the Herman-son organization and the letter carriers. Several grizzled sailors gave a touch of human interest to the celebration.

British Social Statistics.

There is a falling off in the number of marriages recorded in England this year. The figures show ten persons married in a thousand of the population. The rate was 21.4 a thousand on the average for the corresponding period between 1900 and 1910. The birth rate also has been low. There were 225,777 children born in April, May and June, giving a rate of twenty-five annually to the thousand of population. This is three a thousand below the mean birth rate for the same three months ten years ago. It is the lowest rate since registration began.

The deaths registered in England and Wales were 119,834 for the same three months, and were in the proportion annually of 13.8 a thousand persons and 1.3 a thousand below the mean rate of ten preceding years. The natural increase of population for the quarter by excess of births over deaths was 105,793, against 122,732; 111,857 and 119,161 in the second quarters of 1908, 1909 and 1910 respectively. Deaths under one year were 91 in a thousand.

In Ireland the excess of births over deaths in 1910 was 27,069, as compared with 27,785 in 1909. The loss by emigration was 82,457, as compared with 28,676 in 1909, and with a yearly average for the preceding decade of 85,886. The net decrease of population in 1910 was 5,389, as compared with 890 in 1909. Tuberculosis in Ireland has decreased in mortality from 2.7 a thousand in 1908 to 2.8 in 1910.

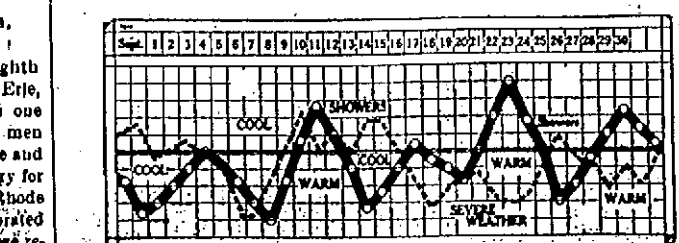
Taking the United Kingdom as a whole, the marriage rate is about 10.5, the birth rate 25.3 and the death rate 13.9 a thousand in the last quarter.

It is to be hoped that there is nothing in the alleged discovery by a French scientist of thought photography. This scientific Paul Fry has been experimenting with himself and has seemingly achieved the transference of a very simple thought to a photographic plate. It was a common object upon which he directed his mind and the image was clearly imprinted. So far no harm has been done but matters are not likely to stop here. Both the Frenchman and others will go on playing tricks with the mind and will never be satisfied until this last refuge of privacy has been invaded. It is to be hoped that science will be merciful and refuse to budge another inch.

Kansas has seventy-four women officials, including one mayor, five county clerks, five county treasurers and two probate judges. All of these were elected by the votes of men alone, except the mayor, who received the votes of both men and women.

The World's Favorite
is
LIPTON'S TEA
OVER 2 MILLION PACKAGES SOLD WEEKLY

WEATHER BULLETIN.



September temperatures will average higher than usual east of Meridian 85, and on Pacific Slope; about normal elsewhere. Rainfall will be below normal in the northwest; in New England and eastern provinces; near Atlantic and Gulf Coasts; in Mississippi valleys from St. Louis to Dubuque and in all of Texas. Elsewhere from about above normal rain. Greatest probabilities of rain near September 8, 10 to 16, 20. Several weather September 20 to 25.

In above chart the treble line represents normal temperatures and rainfall. The heavy line with round white spots is temperature forecasts. Where it goes above treble line temperatures are expected to be higher. Where it goes below treble line temperatures will be lower. The broken zigzag line is rainfall forecasts. As it goes higher indicates greater probability of rain and where it goes below the reverse. Dates are for Meridian 90. Count one or two days earlier for west of line and as much for east if because weather for area moves from west to east.

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Washington, D. C., Sept. 14, 1911.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance in east continent Sept 15 to 19, warm wave 14 to 18, and wave 17 to 21. The week of this disturbance will average cooler than usual. Beginning with showers or threatening rain most of the week will be fair. Severe storms on the continent and tropical hurricanes about or west of Sept. 17, may be expected but these tropical storms are not expected to be severe, just intense enough to cause cool weather on the continent.

Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast by close of 21, great central valleys 22 to 24, eastern sections 25. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about Sept. 20, great central valleys 22, eastern sections 23. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about Sept. 23, great central valleys 25, eastern sections 27.

This will be the greatest disturbance of the month and by herdsman, nature, farmers, hunters, will be called the equinoctial storm. Temperatures will go high while the low approaches from westward and in middle latitudes the temperatures will go to the frost line when the high center shall have arrived. Not much rain. The rain wave will cross west of Rockies about September 24, great central valleys 26, eastern sections 28.

The tropical storms mentioned above will increase in force as this last above described disturbance crosses the continent and as the two disturbances combine near the Atlantic coasts the

Fall Migration of Birds.

Clerk of Courts Robert O. Morris has called attention to a remarkably early autumnal migration of birds now passing over Springfield. Another unusual feature of the flights is that they are very low and the chirping of the birds can be plainly heard in the evening.

Mr. Morris says that the birds usually begin to migrate later in the season, but that for some reason they have started South ahead of their schedule. He thinks that they are flying nearer the ground than ordinarily because they have been attracted by the lights coming from the city. The nights have been cloudy now for over a week and the myriad lights from the city streets have been converged into one bright glow by the low hanging clouds. The birds always fly close to a light, and this probably accounts for the low flights.

A few years ago a large number of migrating birds while passing over Philadelphia were attracted by a fire in a lumber yard, and they flew so close to the ground that they could be seen by the thousands. The birds almost always travel at night and hide in fields and trees during the daytime. This is in order to avoid the many human bird enemies which they would be sure to encounter if they travelled by day.

Ornithologists frequently study migrations of birds by pointing their telescopes to the moon, when the birds can be distinctly seen making their way north or south according to the season of the year. Some of the birds now passing over Springfield probably came from as far north as Hudson Bay, while others began their long flights in Labrador or Newfoundland.—Springfield Republican.

For several years Mrs. Vera Taylor, a ninety-pound woman homesteader near Brewster, Neb., has been engaged in a fight with claim jumpers. During that time her principal weapon of defence has been a double barreled shotgun, backed up by a willingness and an ability to put the weapon to good use. At one time she defended the place not only against the claim jumper but against the sheriff of the county and a surveyor. The claim jumper called loudly for her arrest, but the sheriff thought discretion the better part of valor. The case is now before the Land Department.

The marriage of Miss Florence Lyman Millington, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John V. Millington, and Mr. Joseph Simons, U. S. N., took place at St. Joseph's rectory on Thursday evening. The young couple will reside in Portsmouth, N. H.

Mr. Charles Bickerton of Pawtucket was in Newport on Wednesday to attend the funeral of his life-long friend, John Gilpin.

This is hardly September weather. It seems much more like winter.

"COPPER KING" IS BANKRUPT

Reginald Ward In Financial Distress—In London
SAYS IT IS BUT TEMPORARY

Former Bostonian, Once a Pack Peddler in Hub Suburbs, Amassed Fortune as Daring Speculator—"Tiptoe" to Titled Personages in England Quickly Gained His Entrance Into Exclusive Society

London, Sept. 15.—The financial affairs of Reginald H. Ward, who at one time, in the role of a "copper king," figured prominently in certain moneyed circles of this city, has been placed in the hands of an official receiver in bankruptcy. No statement of the assets and liabilities is available yet.

Ward explains that extensive dealings in copper properties in which he is interested were responsible for his embarrassment, which he maintains is but temporary. He intends, he says, to continue in business.

The story of Reginald H. Ward reads more like fiction than fact; indeed, his life has been a romance of destiny, and there can be little doubt that his stars came of the kind, for almost all good things came his way.

He has been one of the most conspicuous figures in London and bears not only the title of count, but also that of copper king, as he first floated copper stocks in London and made many members of the peerage rich. And he was a friend of King Edward of England.

He is now only 49 years of age, and thirty-four years ago he was tramping through the suburbs of Boston with a pack basket filled with pins, needles, thread and tape. Later he had reached a more ambitious stage of peddling and sold patent ironing boards from door to door.

He met with usual rebuffs that peddlers receive, but those who turned him from the door with a sharp word little thought that the young man would in a comparatively few years have all London at his feet and be himself a polished gentleman on the topmost wave of English high life, with even some kings and numerous princes at his bidding and holding a place in society so far above them that they could never hope even to be on its outermost fringe.

Ward is a Bostonian and a great-grandson of General Artemas Ward of revolutionary fame. In 1828 he moved to London, where he acquired the papal title of "count." By daring and successful speculation he materially increased his fortune. He married Miss Edith Newcomb of Kentucky in 1889. Mrs. Ward obtained a divorce four years later.

Ward was born in Newton, Mass., in 1862. He is also a grandnephew of David Henshaw, one time secretary of the United States navy.

After his experience as a pack peddler, Ward soon found means where-with to speculate in copper stocks on State street, Boston. Here began his meteoric financial career, which at one time gave him command over millions. Ward organized the banking firm of Clark, Ward & Co. of Boston and New York and later Ward & Co. of London. Successful in Boston, Ward went to New York, where he continued to be known as one of the most convincing of promoters of mining stocks. He was also famous for his dinners and for his extremely stylish dress.

In 1898 he left New York for London, where he was welcomed as the "copper king" of America and where his "tips" to titled personages in England quickly gained him entry into the best society. He was a most lavish entertainer, although his title of "count," conferred upon him by the pope, was never taken seriously in English society.

LORD SUFFIELD WEDS

Noted British Sportsman Takes Second Wife at Age of 51.

London, Sept. 15.—It has just been learned that Lord Suffield, who is 51 years of age, was secretly married on July 16 in Marylebone chapel to Mrs. Rich, 50 years old, widow of Colonel Rich.

Lord Suffield's first wife was a daughter of the late Henry Baring. She left nine children, two sons and seven daughters. The youngest daughter, who was Bridget Harbord, the family name of Lord Suffield, married Derek W. G. Keppel, the second son of the Earl of Albemarle. Lord Suffield is known as a great sportsman.

Barry Retains Championship
London, Sept. 12.—Ernest Barry, the champion sculler of England, retained his title in a match with W. J. Foggett, the New Zealand champion. A purse of \$2000 accompanied the title.

American Writer Dies Abroad
Ailing, Upper Bavaria, Sept. 15.—Elizabeth E. Evans, the American author, died here. She was born in Newport, R. I., in 1832 and resided in Europe since 1870.

may have Volunteer Police
London, Sept. 15.—The government contemplates the formation of a volunteer police force in each of the large centres of population. This is for the purpose of coping with emergencies like the recent strike troubles. This work of helping the world forward happily does not wait to be done by perfect men.—George Eliot

Washington Homes

J. V. N. & T. B. Huyck
1504 H. STREET, N. W.
WASHINGTON, D. C. EST. 1867.
Furnished Houses a Specialty
8-9-10

Weekly Almanac.

SEPTEMBER	STANDARD TIME
1911	
16 Sat	Sun (Sun) Moon High Water rises (rises) rises, Moon 1 05
17 Sun	5 24 5 24 5 24 5 24 5 24 5 24
18 Mon	5 24 5 24 5 24 5 24 5 24 5 24
19 Tues	5 24 5 24 5 24 5 24 5 24 5 24
20 Wed	5 24 5 24 5 24 5 24 5 24 5 24
21 Thurs	5 24 5 24 5 24 5 24 5 24 5 24
22 Frid	5 24 5 24 5 24 5 24 5 24 5 24

First Quarter, 30th day, 6h, 5m., morning
Full Moon, 31st day, 10h, 5m., morning
Last Quarter, 15th day, 10h, 5m., evening
New Moon, 23rd day, 10h, 5m., morning

Deaths.

In this city, Sept. 10, John Gilpin, in his 63d year.
In this city, Sept. 10, Isabelle Fletcher, widow of John W. B. Jackson, in her 50th year.
In this city, Sept. 10, at her residence, No. 21 Tilden avenue, Mary, wife of John Curry. In this city, Sept. 9, William Henry Keolchidori, chief master-at-arms, U. S. N.
At City Asylum, Sept. 10, Mary C., widow of William Bacon, aged 85 years.
In this city, Sept. 13, at the residence of Fred A. Barker, 35 Van Zandt avenue, Margaret, widow of Dennis Donnelly, aged 85 years.
In Providence, Sept. 13, Charles E. Himes, in his 81st year.
In Providence, Sept. 13, G. O. J. Keller.
In Providence, Sept. 13, William S. Sargent.
In Providence, Sept. 13, Louisa L., widow of Benjamin F. Davis, in her 63rd year.

HOUSES, SITES AND FARMS

Persons living in other States, away from Newport and wishing information for themselves or friends regarding Tenements Houses furnished and unfurnished, and Farms or Sites for building, can ascertain what they want by writing to

A. O'D. TAYLOR,
REAL ESTATE AGENT.

131 Bellevue Avenue, Newport, R. I.
Mr. Taylor's Agency was established in 1857. He is a Commissioner of Deeds for the principal States and a Notary Public. Has a Branch Office open all summer in Jamestown, for Summer Villas and Country places.

FIGURES NOT YET STRAIGHT

Errors Attributed to Clerks of Seven Maine Towns

RESULT IS STILL IN DOUBT

Press Returns Give Victory to Prohibitionists, While Secretary of State Claims "Wets" Have Won—"Dry" Hint at Count-Out Plot—Governor and Council to Canvass Official Returns as Soon as Possible

Portland, Me., Sept. 15.—Hints of vote juggling are being made by members of the prohibition movement. The statement that the secretary of state has made as to the totals does not satisfy them. His figures give 331 against prohibition.

While no one has openly charged wrong doing, there have been insinuations of "dry" votes being "counted out."

The "dry" forces are the winners in last Monday's election, and the clause forever prohibiting the sale of liquor will remain in the constitution, according to a flat statement issued by The Associated Press.

This claim followed a day spent in comparing the press returns with the figures sent to the secretary of state at Augusta. The press majority is placed at 301.

With a single exception, the returns from the 521 cities, towns and plantations of the state have been verified. This exception is the town of Northport, which has 86 votes.

The total vote as given by the press tabulators is "for repeal" 60,280, "against repeal" 60,641. This finding, which has come after four days of suspense, is generally regarded as accurate.

Errors which the clerks of seven towns made in the reports they sent to the secretary of state are held to be responsible for the discrepancy between his figures and those of the press. Some declare that the methods in some of the polling places should be looked into.

The same tense feeling that has prevailed through Maine since the election is evident in the streets of Portland today. Just as they have done since Monday, the people clamor anxiously and vainly for definite information as to how the total vote really stood.

Governor Plafsted has hurried home from Spring Lake, N. J., that he might take a hand in the work of establishing the true vote.

When asked as to any difficulty that might arise over the claim that errors existed in the figures sent to the office of the secretary of state by some of the town clerks, the governor said: "The council and myself will desire but one thing, the choice of the people. It matters not which side it favors. When the votes are passed upon and given officially the people may rest assured they will be correct. The result will not be based upon any technicality that may arise."

Governor Plafsted stated that he would call a meeting of his council so that the canvass of the official returns might be made, and a report issued at the earliest opportunity.

"It may be several days before we can issue our official statement, for owing to the closeness of the election, the votes will have to be passed upon with extreme care," he said.

LAVA STREAMS SPREADING

Twenty Thousand Flee From Towns Threatened With Destruction

Catania, Sept. 15.—The 20,000 inhabitants of Castiglione and Francaville have turned their backs on their homes, fleeing before the advancing flood of lava from Mt. Etna. Both towns are threatened with destruction.

The discharge from the craters and new fissures have increased in volume. The main stream pouring down the northeastern side of the volcano has made its way sluggishly about and over the foothills toward the base, crossed the railway and invaded the valley of the Alcantara.

Yesterday the front, fifty feet high and a third of a mile wide, broke over a long declivity, and gathering velocity forced the peasant dwellers in its path to make a hurried retreat. It spread through and burned the orange and lemon groves and, engulfing the many springs in the neighborhood, cut off the water supply of several villages.

ABNORMAL WEATHER

Mercury Away Down in Maine and Away Up in the West

Washington, Sept. 15.—The cold wave continued Thursday in the east, with temperatures of 26 degrees at Greenville, Me., and Northfield, Vt., the lowest reported. At many points in New England and the middle Atlantic states the mercury hovered within a few degrees of the record for September.

A warm wave is in the wake of this abnormal weather, and is expected by the weather experts to spread over the northern and central states east of the Mississippi river by tonight.

Meantime the hot wave continues in Kansas and in the western plains and gulf states, where almost the hot weather record for that section was scored.

STOLYPIN IS SHOT IN CZAR'S PRESENCE

Russian Premier's Wounds Reported to Be Mortal

Kiev, Russia, Sept. 15.—Premier Stolypin was attacked in the presence of Emperor Nicholas while attending a gala performance at the opera last night.

He was wounded twice by his assassin. One bullet entered his hand, while the other penetrated the body, grazing the liver and lodging in the spine. It is reported that the premier's wounds are mortal.

The premier's assassin was arrested. The two bullets were fired from behind by a lawyer named Bogrof. The audience tried to lynch the assassin. Some reports have it that a musician also was wounded.

The minister of finance, M. Kokovsov, was sitting beside the premier at the time of the attack.

PAYS \$21.40 FOR CRUELTY

Young Man Tied Cats' Tails Together to Please Little Girls

Providence, Sept. 14.—Because, he says, two little girls, aged 4 and 6 years, respectively, wanted to see a tug of war between two cats, Walter Silva, 21, admitted in court at Hattisville that he tied the tails of two cats together and had the animals engage in battle.

Agent Smith of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals heard of the affair and began an investigation. This resulted in the arrest of Silva.

The young man pleaded guilty to a charge of cruelty to animals and was fined \$15 and costs. The total assessment amounted to \$21.40.

HOT WEATHER OUT WEST

Mercury Climbs to Almost Hundred Degrees in Many Places

Kansas City, Sept. 14.—Many of the younger school children of this city were dismissed by their teachers yesterday before the regular closing time on account of excessive heat.

A temperature of ninety-five degrees was registered here and unusually high temperatures prevailed all over the southwest. At Topeka the maximum temperature was ninety-eight degrees and at Wichita, Kan., ninety-seven degrees.

ISSHI PROVING USEFUL

Primitive Indian Is Supplying Words of the Yana Language

San Francisco, Sept. 15.—Isshi, the primitive Indian, is proving a treasure to the anthropologists of the University of California.

Professors Kriebler and Waterman have recorded by the dictograph 1000 words of the Yana language and they believe that highly valuable philological discoveries will be made in tracing connections between the Indian word roots and beginning Arabic and Sanskrit word nomenclature.

THE MOROCCAN IMBROGLIO

Reply of France in Hands of President For His Approval

Paris, Sept. 15.—The ultimatum of France to Germany's demand in connection with the Moroccan situation, which was prepared by Foreign Minister De Selves and approved by the cabinet, has been submitted to President Fallieres at Rambouillet, and when he has approved it, it will be sent to Germany.

The reply of France should be in the hands of Germany by the last of the week. It sets forth in the clearest possible manner France's position and pays particular attention to the necessity of maintaining commercial equality for all with the assurance to France of an absolutely free hand politically in Morocco.

CHLOROFORM ADMINISTERED

Shakers Help a Sister to "Pass Out of the Body"

OBEYED PATIENT'S REQUEST

Brother Gillette and Sister Sears Consulted and Prayed Together Before They Ended Woman's Physical Torture—Admitted to Jail After Being Held on a Charge of Murder—Jury Would Probably Acquit Them

Kissimmee, Fla., Sept. 14.—Sister Sadie L. Marchant, a Shaker, died—"passed out of the body"—on Aug. 22 last. Sister Elizabeth Sears and Brother Gilbert B. Gillette, Shakers too, characterized like all their fellows by the attempt of perfect purity in thought, word and act, by gentleness, honesty and obedience to law, are now accused of Sister Sadie's murder.

For, seeing her death was inevitable from consumption, plying her with chloroform, Sister Elizabeth and Brother Gillette administered chloroform to Sister Sadie, made her physical tortures end in euthanasia, in a peaceful, painless death.

And it was at Sister Sadie's prayer that her loving, sympathetic friends administered the anesthetic under which she passed from unconsciousness into the hereafter.

"Before God I did right," said Brother Gillette. "My conscience is perfectly at ease. If the act was unwise, only my great feeling for her prompted me to commit it."

At a formal hearing yesterday afternoon Sister Elizabeth and Brother Gillette were held on the charge of murder. Yet Judge Parker took an unprecedented step and admitted them to bail. Sister Elizabeth in \$2000, Brother Gillette in \$5000. Other members of the colony, which is near Ashton, about nine miles east of this city, furnished the bail.

Public sentiment already favors their dismissal by the grand jury, and even if indicted it is more than doubtful if a jury could be found to convict them. There is no doubt that Sister Elizabeth and Brother Gillette consulted and prayed together, before they yielded to Sister Sadie's prayers to end her misery.

That the magistrate admitted them to bail when accused of a capital crime makes it plain that in his opinion they were far from being actuated by any criminal purpose or intent.

The general opinion here is that Sister Sadie's death was by suicide; assisted suicide.

NEW YORK BROKERS FAIL

Liabilities Are Estimated at Something Over \$3,000,000

New York, Sept. 15.—Van Schalk & Co., of the New York stock exchange, the oldest house in the street, failed with liabilities of \$3,000,000 to \$4,000,000, according to the estimate of Elliot Norton, assignee. The firm was started in 1855.

Slow collections are said to be the primary cause of the failure. The present organization, John B. Van Schalk and Derby Crandall, was formed in 1907. Their offices are at 7 Wall street, with branches in Jersey City and Baltimore.

William H. Jackson, who was killed by Paul Gledel, was cashier of the firm at the time of his death.

"PIRATES" ARE SENTENCED

Three Youthful Criminals Given Terms in State Prison

New Haven, Sept. 13.—Charles Creation, 19 years old, Frederick Willett, aged 22 years, and Charles Russell, aged 20 years, whose depredations along the Connecticut and Massachusetts shores gained for them the name of "sound pirates," were sentenced to state prison after pleading guilty to charges of theft.

Creation and Willett were given from two to four years in state prison. Russell was sent to prison for from one to two years.

MISHAP TO FOWLER

Aviator's Machine Is Smashed in His Trip Across Continent

Auburn, Cal., Sept. 13.—Robert G. Fowler, who rose from the ground here to begin the second day of his transcontinental aeroplane flight, fell while flying at full speed near Alta. His machine was demolished.

Fowler escaped with a few minor bruises. He said the accident was caused by the rudder falling to work, and declared that the motor might be repaired as it did not appear to be badly damaged.

TOWELS ARE BARRED

Japanese Paper Napkins Take Their Place in Lynn Schools

Lynn, Mass., Sept. 15.—Japanese paper napkins, instead of towels, must henceforth be used by Lynn pupils in the schools, according to a decree of the local board of health.


The board reported to the school committee that the cloth towels used by the children are one of the most prolific sources of spreading diseases.

Killed by His Own Engine

Somerville, Mass., Sept. 13.—Louis H. Denton, 40, an engineer on the Boston and Maine railroad, was killed by his own engine in the yards here. The wheels passed over his head, completely severing the top of his skull.

GOVERNOR BLEASE

Will Run For Senate If Impeachment Succeeds



MOVE TO IMPEACH BLEASE

Charges of Accepting Bribes to Be Made by Opponents

Columbia, S. C., Sept. 15.—Leaders of the opposition to Governor Blease are getting evidence as a basis for impeachment proceedings which it is positively asserted will be filed against him when the legislature convenes in January.

It is said that the specific charges will be accepting bribes when a member of the state senate, and being a lobbyist in the employ of the whisky dealers and corporate interests while a member of the state senate. Other forms of moral turpitude are also mentioned.

In a speech at Spartanburg Blease said that if he were impeached and removed from the office of governor, he would run for and be elected to the United States senate.

MADE COUNTERFEIT MONEY IN PRISON

Convict Is Sent to Federal Penitentiary For a Year

Boston, Sept. 13.—Mira Johnson, an electrician, was sentenced to a year and a day in the federal prison at Atlanta by Judge Dodge in the United States district court for counterfeiting 50-cent coins while a convict in the Charlestown state prison.

Johnson tapped an electric wire in his cell and ran the current to a small oven he hid under his cot. He had a copper pot for a crucible to melt scraps of metal picked up around the prison. He bought tobacco with the bad money and bet on ball games with other prisoners.

RUGG FOR CHIEF JUSTICE

Promotion For Youngest Member of Massachusetts Supreme Court

Boston, Sept. 14.—Governor Foss sprung a surprise on the public by sending to the executive council the name of Arthur P. Rugg of Worcester to be chief justice of the supreme judicial court, vice Marcus P. Knowlton of Springfield, who recently resigned because of failing eyesight.

Judge Rugg is a Republican and the youngest justice, both in years and in term of service, on the present supreme bench. He was appointed to that branch by Governor Guild, after a spirited contest between his friends and those of the late Justice Gaskill, also of Worcester, then on the superior bench, who thought that the latter ought to be promoted. Rugg is 49 years old.

FARMER A SHOPLIFTER

Had \$121 in His Pocket, but Stole 25 Cents' Worth of Goods

Providence, Sept. 15.—For stealing 25 cents' worth of goods when he had \$121 in his pockets, James Mackey, aged 35, a Western farmer, was fined \$15 in the Sixth district court.

In his pockets at the time of his arrest were pencils valued at 10 cents and a cake of soap worth 15 cents, which a clerk of a Weybosset street store said had been shoplifted. Mackey pleaded guilty and was \$100 to the good when he left the courtroom.

GIVES UP CAVALIERI

Chanler Offers Diva \$70,000 If She Will Secure Divorce

New York, Sept. 15.—Sidney Harris, counsel for Robert W. Chanler, has gone to Paris, and it is the understanding among his friends that his mission is a last effort to settle the Chanler-Lina Cavalieri matrimonial fiasco by means of a money offer and a divorce.

With the consent of Chanler, who has finally given up the diva, he is prepared to offer her \$70,000 in lieu of all claim she won to his estate through the famous marriage agreement. But he will stipulate that either she shall get a divorce in France or else agree that Chanler may obtain one in some western state without a contest.

A Young Man's Credentials

A young man may have many credentials testifying as to his character and ability, but one of his best recommendations is his bank account. It shows thrift, economy and perseverance. Have you a Bank Account? Now is the time to start one with us.

4 Per Cent. Interest Paid on Participation Accounts.

Deposits made on or before August 15th draw interest from August 1st.

Industrial Trust Company

NEWPORT BRANCH.

NOTICE.

Having received assurances of the hearty support and cheerful co-operation of my patrons in the half holiday movement, I will close my store at 12 o'clock every THURSDAY during the summer beginning June 1st.

S. S. THOMPSON,
172-176 BROADWAY.

CHAFING DISHES



With an ALCOHOL Lamp you must fill the lamp, adjust the wick, strike a match, and be very careful not to spill alcohol on the table top.

With ELECTRICITY you insert the plug and turn the switch. When this is done you can devote all your attention to the recipe.

We have the ELECTRIC kind, made by the General Electric Co. Ask us about them today

OLD COLONY STREET RAILWAY COMPANY.

USE Diamond Hill BIRD

Improved Varieties. VEGETABLE SEEDS FOR SALE BY Fernando Barkar.

A Full Line of all the NEW AND Improved Varieties. FREE FROM DUST, White and Clean, INSURES Healthy Fowl.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR IT.

MANUFACTURED BY Newport Compressed Brick Co

Newport, R. I.

F. W. PUTMAN, OPT. D. SCIENTIFIC REFRACTIONIST

Dispensing Optician.

Formerly with H. A. HEATH & CO.

Children's Eyes a Specialty.

If you have blurring vision, smarting eyes, if your head aches a great deal of the time, have it attended to at once by a competent man. The prescriptions that were on file at Health & Co. are now on file at my office. Fine optical repairs of all kinds. Oculist's prescriptions given personal attention.

118 SPRING STREET.

1-27 8:30 a. m.—5:30 p. m.

WANTED

SUBSTITUTION boarding house-keeper, 40 yrs or more, energetic, capable, willing to work. W. G. PROCTOR, Westfield, N. J.

Defending Counsel (to witness in bankruptcy)—Hire you married? Witness—No; I was knocked down by a cab last week.

Charles Wyndham and the Girls

There was a benefit performance for the Actors Fund given in Washington last spring, and Mr Charles Wyndham, the veteran English player, volunteered. His part was to make a short speech telling how the funds realized were to be applied.

The song-and-dance girls from one of the cheaper theatres came from their dressing room, and stopped to await their call. One of them thought she would see what was going on, so she peered out on the stage.

"Who's on now?" her companion asked.

"Oh," said the other girl, "it's an old man doing a monologue. He's been on ten minutes, and hasn't had a laugh!"

"What party does that member of the legislature belong to?"

"I don't know," replied the lobbyist.

"I'm one of several parties who are bidding for him,"—Washington Star.

"Where did the helmsman whom Lord Hardup married get all her money?"

"I believe her father was a Chicago man in the pork business."

"Oh, that's how she came to have such a barrel."

YEGGMEN SERVE "SOUP."

Its Queer Recipe Is In Possession of the Secret Service.

Here is a recipe for soup served only after nightfall, preferably in the early morning hours.

"First take about ten or a dozen Impwri hz xug, crumble it up fine and put it in a pan or washbowl, then pour over it enough uswhos (either chix or fky) to cover it well. Stir it up with your hands, being careful to break all the lumps; leave it set a few minutes; then get a few yards of cheesecloth and tear it in pieces and strain the mixture through the cloth into another vessel, wring the sawdust dry and throw it away. The remains will be the lhal xug uswhos mixed. Next take the same amount of water as you used of uswhos and pour it in; leave the whole set for a few minutes."

This is the "soup" employed by yeggmens, and a single portion of it is guaranteed to open the door of the stoutest safe, provided an aperture can be made sufficiently large to pour in the stuff. The names of the ingredients are written in a crude sort of cipher commonly used for preserving such secrets. This and dozens more of the same transparency of meaning are in the possession of the United States secret service men, the police, detective agencies and others who deal with the cooks' of such dishes. By a substitution of letter for letter—the first six for the last six of the alphabet, the second six for the third six, with G and N taken out of turn and made interchangeable—the cipher is easily read. "Impwri hz xug," translated, is "sticks of dynamite," "uswhos, either chix or fky," alcohol, either wood or pure—may be used.

The directions for serving this soup require considerable attention and the best of trained service. After the "gay cat," or advance agent of the hand, has learned all that can be found out about the bank, store or post-office, its lighting, protection and the means of escape by freight train, vehicle or on foot, his companion or companions come on, avoiding notice as far as possible. "Stickups," or look-outs, guard the place while the "inside men" break into the safe. Sealing the cracks about the safe or vault door with soap, the yeggmens pour in the soup through a small hole left open at the top. The liquid flows down by locks, hinges and bolts and is set off by fuse or detonator. Blankets and covers of any kind are used to muffle the sound of the explosion and the fall of the door. Perhaps the "stickups" are forced to create a diversion outside and to frighten the citizens or mislead them while the "inside men" pick out the valuable papers escape. Who pays the check for the soup then depends upon the ingenuity of detectives.—New York Post.

Making Safe.

An electric wire had fallen under its heavy weight of snow. The linemen found a crowd around the grounded copper, and an inquisitive Irishman lifting one end from the ground.

"Man, alive, don't you know what a risk you're taking? That might be a live wire!" he ejaculated.

"Sure an Oi thought of that meself, an' Oi flit of the wire good before Oi picked it up at all."—Everybody's.

Making Him Happy.

Marks: I know your wife didn't like it because you took me home unexpectedly to dinner last night. Parks: Nonsense! Why, you hadn't been gone two minutes before she remarked that she was glad it was no one else but you.—Boston Transcript.

Hurt By War Relics.

While in Chattanooga a few weeks ago a local man noticed an old colored man who carried his right arm in a sling.

"What is the matter, uncle?" he asked. "Is your arm broken?"

"No, sah, gibbed the old man. 'It's jest gun shot, sah.'"

"Been hunting?"

"No, sah. Ah been shootin' trees." "Oh, I see; target practice."

"No sah." "Then you'll have to enfoldate." "Well, say, I'll like dis," the old man explained. "We goes out into de woods an' shoots bullets into de trees. After a while the trees grows around de bullets a little, then we cuts dem down to sell to people from de north as relish ob de battle ob Lookout mountain."—

The Only Way.

He was a very raw recruit and particularly stupid at that. The drill sergeant did not know what to do with him. He had little patience, he had tried language, all in vain.

"Squad, halt!" yelled the sergeant. The double rank of the men obeyed, but the gay recruit marched gayly on. "Fitzmooney!" shouted the sergeant.

"Yus, sergeant."

"Did ye ever drive a donkey?"

"Yus, sergeant."

"What did ye say to him when ye wanted 'im to stop?"

"I said 'Whoa,' sergeant."

"Very well. Squad, 'ehoud! By the right, quick, march! Left, left, left, Squad, halt—whoa, Fitzmooney!"—Tit Bit.

"What's the matter with your wife? She seems very irascible lately."

"Why, she was assisting at a rummage sale and somebody sold her new hat for 35 cents."—Washington Herald.

Griggs—I am a great believer in the magic number seven. "Success" has just seven letters, you will notice. Briggs—And how about a "failure"?—Boston Transcript.

Sigleton—Maud is one of the sweetest girls I ever met.

Widmore—My boy, sweet girls very often turn out to be sugar-coated.—Boston Transcript.

"Why do they call the owl the bird of wisdom?"

"It stays out all night and doesn't tell what it sees or does."—Judge.

CRAZY KING LOUIS

His Part in the Pitiful Tragedy at Lake Stranberg.

SLEW HIS FRIEND AND DIED.

The Mad Bavarian Monarch Beat Faithful Dr. von Gudden to Death Before Heart Disease Stopped His Own Dash For Liberty.

For months preceding the tragedy on June 13, 1880, that ended his life King Louis II, of Bavaria had revealed many unmistakable signs of mental derangement. He heard mysterious voices in the air around him and believed that he was constantly pursued by dangerous enemies. He withdrew entirely from the world, his cabinet ministers were unable to obtain access to him, and his domestic servants were forbidden to look at his face, being compelled to approach him with averted eyes. The old valet Meier was obliged to don a mask to cover his features whenever he went near the king, and many other strange things happened at the magnificent palace which Louis had built for himself with reckless extravagance.

Wearing his crown and purple royal mantle, with the scepter of sovereignty in his hand, King Louis would wander through the rooms of his castle at night, conversing with imaginary guests, for the most part with the ghosts of King Louis XIV, of France and Queen Marie Antoinette. Frequently places were laid at his table for their disembodied spirits.

The king's debts brought matters to a crisis and necessitated the intervention of the Bavarian government. Most of the royal liabilities had been contracted through the construction and decoration of the famous three castles, and several creditors threatened to institute proceedings to recover their money. King Louis requested the government to introduce a bill in the Bavarian legislature granting his property immunity from seizure for debts, and when his ministers refused this unreasonable demand he tried to borrow money from all sorts and conditions of people.

In April, 1880, the Bavarian chamber refused to sanction the payment of the king's debts from the public treasury, and a few days later the cabinet addressed a respectful petition to Louis to curtail his expenditures. King Louis responded by dismissing the whole cabinet and nominating a new ministry, at the head of which he placed his own barber.

This irresponsible act brought matters to a head. A commission of medical experts, under the presidency of Dr. von Gudden, pronounced the king to be incurably insane and incapable of ruling, and a deputation under Baron von Crailsheim was dispatched from Munich to the castle where Louis was in residence to inform his majesty of his dethronement. The king had Baron von Crailsheim and all the members of the deputation arrested.

Then Dr. von Gudden proceeded to Neuschwanstein castle, where to all outward appearances he succeeded in persuading the king to submit to his dethronement and to retire to Berg castle, near the shores of Lake Stranberg, where the final tragedy was enacted. The king was escorted to Berg castle by Dr. von Gudden, another medical man, Dr. Mueller, and several trained attendants, and he seemed to acquiesce in the arrangement that he should remain there for a year under close supervision.

Dr. von Gudden, misled by appearances, telegraphed to Munich that his royal patient was "as obedient as a child," and at dinner that evening he promised to take the king for a walk in the park. His assistant, Dr. Mueller, warned him that it would be dangerous to go alone with the king and urged him to allow an attendant to accompany them, or at least to follow them at a discreet distance, but Dr. von Gudden disregarded the younger man's advice and paid the penalty with his life. It was a Sunday evening, and a general feeling of uneasiness prevailed among those who had remained at the castle when the king and Dr. von Gudden failed to reappear after an hour had elapsed. Search parties were organized, and during the night one of the royal footmen found the king's hat, coat and overcoat close to the bank of the lake and Dr. von Gudden's umbrella close by on the ground. The bodies of the king and his physician were found not far from the shore of the lake, in shallow water, both heads projecting above the surface. Dr. von Gudden's face and hand bore the marks of heavy blows which the king, a man of immensely powerful build, had showered upon him.

The position of the bodies and the articles of clothing found near them made it possible to surmise, with probable accuracy, the details of the tragedy. It is likely that the king intended to escape from his prison—for as such he regarded the castle in which he was kept as a madhouse—and that he directed himself of overcoat and coat to swim across the lake. Dr. von Gudden, it appears, closed with him at the water's edge and tried to prevent his flight, but the king killed him and died from heart disease at the moment when he was on the point of beginning his swim for liberty. The post-mortem examination revealed that neither had died from drowning, but the king from heart failure and Dr. von Gudden from the injuries inflicted on him in the struggle.—Berlin Correspondent.

Use of Water.

"There's no use talking," said Dr. Dustin Stax. "This corporation of ours will have to dissolve."

"How will you go about it?"

"I don't know. The only way I know of to dissolve things is to keep putting plenty of water into them."—Washington Star.

ALASKAN MOSQUITOES.

They Are Small and Silent, but Work With Fire Tipped Stings.

Mosquitoes in this ice-bound northern country, Alaska, are a plague beyond relief. They come to life about the middle of May, before the ground is thawed out and while many feet of ice still cover the lakes and all but the swiftest rivers. Stagnant, sun heated water is not in the least necessary. They breed in the glaciers wherever a bit of earth or manure has melted a little pool. Their wrigglers are seen in running ice water. By the 1st of June, it is uncomfortable to sleep without protection, and from that time on until September, when the first frosts have benumbed them, especially during the warm, rainy season of July and August, they become a never ceasing scourge, swarming in thousands.

The Alaskan mosquito is small, brown, silent and very much in earnest. He never slings a warning nor foals about selecting a spot to his taste, but comes in a bee line with his probe and gets into action. Every inch of your clothing is industriously bored, so that you look like an animated brown cocoon, and the slightest exposed spot on wrist or neck is promptly set on fire. I experimented with a small hole in my glove. After the first mosquito had found the opening others came in quick succession to the spot. He left some microscopic "kind lady and no dog" sign there. If I killed the first and left his carcass it served as a warning not at all. The others came the faster, and the more I killed the more eager the survivors became, perching quite unmoved on the remains of their confreres.—World Today.

EUGENIE'S ESCAPE.

How the Empress Got Out of France After Sedan.

As soon as the hot headed citizens of Paris learned in September, 1870, that their emperor, Napoleon III, had surrendered to the Prussians at Sedan these Parisians rose in a riotous mob and made posthaste for the Tuilleries. They were armed and after royal blood and plunder. The empress had to flee for her life. Assisted by the Austrian and Italian ministers, she made a hurried flight from the palace, but found the mob ahead of her in the garden; back again and then out by a secret way into a side street, where they entered a carriage. A street gamin recognized the empress here, but the shouting of the mob was so great that the boy's cry of warning was not heeded.

Once the carriage was stopped by a mob, but the party alighted and managed to escape. Finding themselves near the residence of Dr. Evans, the American dentist, they took refuge there, and the doctor took upon himself the responsibility of Empress Eugenie's safety. The empress put on a dress belonging to Mrs. Evans and, with Mme. Breton, her friend, was driven by Dr. Evans to the suburbs. Dr. Evans explained that the women were a patient and her attendant whom he was taking to a sanitarium. Two days later the fugitives reached a coast town, whence they escaped to England.

Plants That Shoot Arrows.

The arrows are crystal needles of oxalate of lime. They are of microscopic dimensions, and they are shot from minute capsule shaped bodies found in the tissues of such plants as the Indian turnip and the Polynesian taro. An extraordinary spectacle may be viewed in the field of the microscope when the "bombs" contained in a drop of taro pulp begin to discharge their arrows. Sometimes only one or two needles and sometimes groups of four to ten were discharged at once, the bomb recoiling as the projectiles left it. It has been suggested that the intense burning and pricking sensations experienced in chewing such plants as those just mentioned are due to the release and discharge of these crystal arrows when the plant tissues are crushed in the mouth.—Harper's Weekly.

A Fine Distinction.

Sometimes a small boy can draw a fine distinction. Two fishermen of the sportsman type, equipped with all the latest appliances for angling, were walking a mountain road when they met a barefooted boy with a tin can in his hand and a carelessly trimmed branch of a tree slung over his shoulder.

"Hello, sonny!" exclaimed one of the men. "Going fishing?"

"No," drawled the youngster, with only a glance at the splendid outfits. "I ain't goin' fishin'. I'm just goin' down to the creek to ketch some fish."

Air In the Lungs.

In one minute, in a state of rest, the average man takes into his lungs about 138 cubic inches of air. In walking he needs 97.6 cubic inches; in climbing, 140.3 inches; in riding at a trot, 101.3 cubic inches, and in long distance running, 347.7 cubic inches.

An Optical Delusion.

Affable Stranger—I beg your pardon, but isn't this Miss Greenleaf? The Lady—No; I am Miss Redpath. A. S.—Ah, excuse me! I must be color blind.—Boston Transcript.

Revenge.

She—You ask me to marry you. Can you not see your answer in my face? He (absent)—Yes—er—er—It's very plain.—Life.

Take a good book slowly. You see much finer country in a mover's wagon than you do from a car window.

A Gifted Barber.

"The barber told me a very interesting story as he shaved me."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, and also illustrated it with cuts."—Washington Herald.

The usual fortune of complaint is to excite contempt more than pity.—Johnson.

PILLMAKING CRABS.

Queer Way These Tiny Creatures Get Their Food From the Sand.

Curious little crabs, mostly about the size of a pea, are found in abundance on the shores of the Malay peninsula. They are usually first perceived on the beaches after the going down of the tide, when they give the beach the appearance of being covered with loose, powdery sand and holes of various sizes. Upon looking more closely it is perceived that little radiating paths converge among the litter of sand to each hole and that the sand itself is in minute balls.

At the approach of an observer there immediately becomes apparent a peculiar "twinkle," which is nothing else than the simultaneous and rapid retreat of a multitude of the tiny crabs into their holes.

Should one who is watching these curious little creatures take up his position by one of their holes and remain perfectly motionless they will in time come out, when he will be enabled to see them at work.

Counting cautiously to the mouth of the hole, the crab will reconnoiter a bit, and when satisfied that no enemy is near it will venture about its own length from its lurking place. Then, rapidly taking up particles of sand in its claws, it will deposit them in a groove beneath the thorax.

As it does so a little ball of sand is rapidly projected as through its mouth. This it seizes with one claw and deposits on one side, proceeding in this manner until the smooth beach is covered with little pellets or pills corresponding in size to its own dimensions. This is evidently its method of extracting particles of food from the sand.—Harper's Weekly.

AN IRISH LEGEND.

The Foxes Mourn When a Head of the Gormanston Family Dies.

"Among the oldest families in Ireland are the Gormanstons. It is said that when the head of the house dies and for some days before the foxes leave all the neighboring coverts and collect at the door of the castle. This strange phenomenon," writes R. T. Humphries in the National Review, "occurred when the twelfth Viscount Gormanston died in 1800 and again in 1870, when the thirteenth viscount shook off this mortal coil. The fourteenth holder of the title died in 1907. Inquiry was then made to test the truth or otherwise of the weird legend."

"The son, in a letter published in the New Irish Review, stated that when in the chapel watching his father's remains prior to burial he heard noises outside as of a dog sniffing at the door. Upon opening it there was a full grown fox close to the steps and several more around the church. The coachman confirms the presence of the foxes; so does another family retainer."

"The daughter of the thirteenth successor wrote saying that upon the illness of her father the foxes sat in pairs under the bedroom windows, howling and barking all night, and if driven away returned."

"The family crest is a running fox, and a fox is one of the supporters of the family arms."

His Thoughtful Wife.

"I hate to boast," said a Cleveland lawyer, "but my wife is one of the most economical women in the world. The other day she told me she needed a new suit. I said she ought to have it, by all means, but asked her not to spend a big bunch of money without letting me know about it. Well, the next day she said: 'The tailor said he couldn't make that suit for less than \$180. I thought it was too much, but told him to go ahead.'"

"Well, I suppose it is all right," I said, "but why didn't you consult me first?"

"Why, dearie, I didn't want to spend car fare for two visits."

"I tell you, it's these little economies that count, eh?"—Cleveland Press.

Pay of French Ministers.

Ministers in France are not so well paid as in England. All members of the French cabinet receive the same salary, £2,400 a year, and as they have to forfeit the allowance of £600 which they receive as senators or deputies their net annual gain through taking office is only £1,800. It is true they are provided with official residences, furnished, heated and lighted at the public expense. Their tenure of office is, however, so precarious that they can never venture to let their private residences, so they save nothing under the head of rent.—London Chronicle.

The Oxidization of Brass.

Brass when immersed in a hot solution consisting of one-half ounce of golden sulphure of antimony and four ounces of caustic soda in each gallon of water becomes oxidized with a pleasing brown shade. The shade becomes darker if the metal is immersed in a dilute solution of sulphate of copper, used cold, about four to eight ounces to the gallon. Several immersions in the same manner give deeper brown tones.

Felt So Small.

Boggs—Did you get in all right last night? Woggs—Oh, yes. Boggs—Then the doors weren't locked, as you feared? Woggs—Indeed they were, but my wife yelled at me as I was coming up the steps, so I crawled in through the letter slot.—Puck.

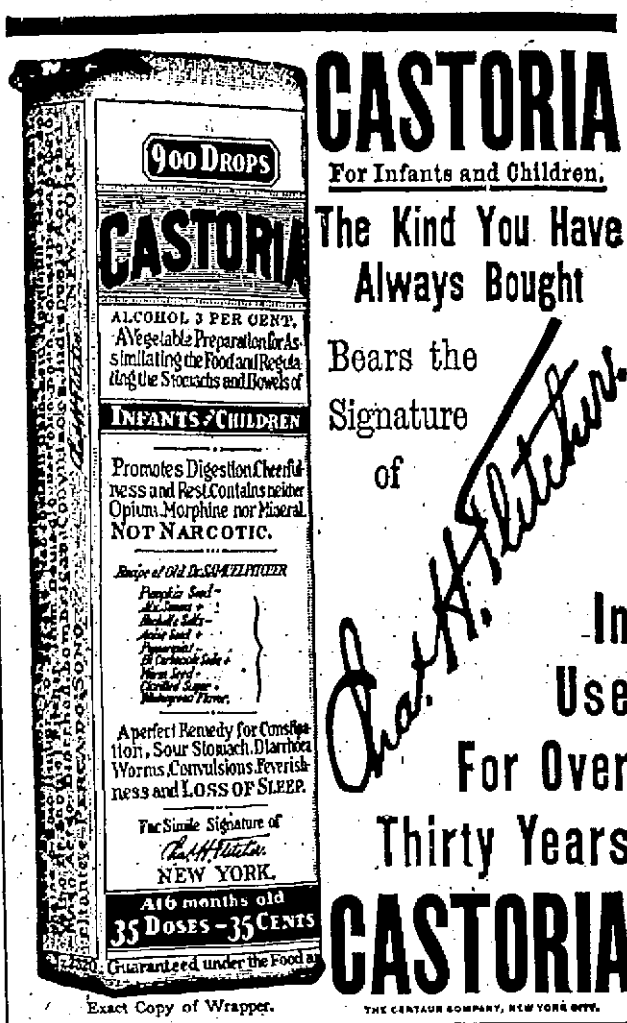
Stolen Eloquence.

"It is better to be silent," said a prominent clergyman, "than to be eloquent by unfair means."

"There was once a divine whose good wife said to him:

"James, dear, the Rev. Dr. Tenthly has made over \$200 by the publication of a volume of sermons. You preach much better than Dr. Tenthly, dear. Why not print a few of your sermons?"

"My love," the man whispered hoarsely, "they were all printed long ago."



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MYSTERIOUS MEKRAK.

A Desolate Land, Desiccated by Nature and Shunned by Man.

"A mysterious yeli has always hung over the land of Mekrak," says the London Times. "Mekrak is the name given to the long coastal region stretching almost from the Indus to the entrance to the Persian gulf. Sailors have roamed along its white shores from time immemorial, but few in modern days have ever penetrated the ranges of hills which lie beyond. The greater part of Mekrak is desolate and forsaken, a land desiccated by nature and shunned by man. The few tribes which linger there are the Jatsam of history, stray wreckage which has drifted into this obscure corner of the world in the backwash of great events. It is even believed that the Dravidians passed through Mekrak on their way to southern India and left stragglers, whose descendants have dwelt there ever since. There are patches of Mongols from the days of Jenghiz Khan; colonels of half breed Arabs from the time when an Arab dynasty held Sind; unmistakable Rajputs, who were there before Alexander; African negroes, the offshoots of medieval slavery; and traces of still older peoples whose origins are lost in the mists of time."

"Yet Mekrak cannot always have been either so dry or so deserted. Many of its hills are closely covered with little stone houses, mostly square at the base, narrowing upward like truncated pyramids, and with dome shaped interiors. They are tombs, and among the rubbish found within them are fragments of light green pottery of fine quality, which no one seems able to identify. Then there are vast masonry dams, obviously built to catch the water in the hills, just as engineers are making dams in the Indian Ghats to-day."

"Sometimes the hills are terraced for cultivation, after the fashion of hills in southern Japan and elsewhere. Only in Mekrak the terraces are dry and bare, and not even a blade of grass remains. The crumbling ruins of whole cities, the very names of which are forgotten, lie concealed between the serrated ridges."

FEATHERED POLICE.

Birds Do a Wonderful Amount of Work For the Farmer.

Birds work more in conjunction with man to help him than does any other form of outdoor life, according to an article in Success Magazine. They police the earth and air, and without their services the farmer would be helpless. Larks, wrens and thrushes search the ground for grubs and insects. The food of the meadow lark consists of 75 per cent of injurious insects and 12 per cent of weed seed, showing it to be a bird of great economic value. Sparrows, finches and quail eat a large amount of weed seed. Practically all the food of the tree sparrow consists of seed. Examinations by Professor F. E. L. Beal of the biological survey of the department of agriculture show that a single tree sparrow will eat a quarter of an ounce of weed seed daily. In a state the size of Iowa tree sparrows alone will consume more than 800 tons of weed seed annually. This, with the work of other seed eating birds, saves the farmer an immense amount of work.

Nuthatches and chickadees scan every part of the trunks and limbs of trees for insect eggs. In a day's time a chickadee has been known to eat hundreds of insect eggs and worms that are very harmful to our trees and vegetables. Warblers and vireos hunt the leaves and buds for moths and millers. Flycatchers, swallows and night hawks are busy day and night catching flies that bother man and beast. Hawks and owls are working silently in daylight and darkness to catch moles, mice, gophers and squirrels.

A Puzzle For Willy.

The new school superintendent was chock full of new pedagogy.

"Never ask leading questions when examining your pupils," he commanded his teachers. "Do not hit at the answers. Make the learner find them unassisted."

This is how the young lady teaching Greek history obeyed:

"Willie, who dragged whom how many times around the walls of what?"—Everybody's.

Ambiguous.

"Did your late employer give you a testimonial?"

"Yes, but it doesn't seem to do me any good."

"What did he say?"

"He said I was one of the best men his firm had ever turned out."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Children Cry

FOR FLETCHER'S

CASTORIA

Wall Paid.

A lively-looking porter stood on the platform of a sleeping-car in the Grand Central Station, when a funny and choleric old man clambered up the steps. He stopped at the door, pulled a key from his pocket, and then turned to the man in uniform.

"Porter," he said, "I'm going to Chicago. I want to be well taken care of. I pay for it. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir, but—"

"Never mind any 'buts.' You listen to what I say. Keep the train moving away from me. Don't stop whenever I want you to. Give me an extra blanket, and if there is any and in the berth over me, slide him into another. I want you to—"

"But, sir, I—"

"Young man, when I'm giving instructions I prefer to do the talking myself. You do as I say. Here is a two-dollar bill. I want to get the good of it. Not a word, sir."

The train was starting. The porter pocketed the bill with a grin, and swung himself to the ground. "You can do it," he said, "if you want to. I'm powerful sorry you wouldn't let me tell you—but I ain't got to out on that train."

Work For The Police.

Few people in Smoke Ridge had ever seen an automobile, so when one of those "red devils" stopped for a few minutes in the isolated village, the curious inhabitants gazed at the smoking demon with a mixture of fear and awe. The owner, who had entered a store to make a purchase, heard one rustic remark:

"'It'll be a man-killer."

"O' course it is," assured the other. "Look at that number on the back of the car. That shows how many people it's run over. That's according to law. Now, if that fellow was to run over anybody here in Smoke Ridge, it would be our duty to telegraph that number—1234—to the next town ahead."

"And what would they do?" asked the auditors.

"Why, the police would stop him and change his number to 1235."

Lost Its Novelty.

Many stories are told of a certain section of the South where the inhabitants are noted for their longevity, but none better illustrates the view the natives take of the matter than this:

"Your father must be getting pretty well on in years," said a cousin from the city to a farmer.

"Yes, papa's nigh on to ninety."

"Health good?"

"No; not just now. He ain't been feeling himself for some time back."

"What seems to be the trouble?"

"I don't know. Sometimes I think farming don't agree with him any more."

A Terrible Punishment.

She was about ten years old, and appeared very unhappy. A swollen face served to diagnose the case at a glance as an advanced stage of toothache. Over the door they entered was a sign which, being interpreted, read "Doctor of Dental Surgery."

The mother led her to the operating-chair and smoothed back her tumbled hair as she laid her head in the little rest. Looking her straight in the eye, with finger poised for emphasis, the mother said: "Now, Edith, if you cry, I'll never take you to a dentist again."

Good Pay, Short Hours.

A certain cottage and its old mistress had improved so greatly in comfort and appearance that a visitor abscondingly surmised that the son of the house, a lazy under-do-well, had turned over a new leaf. He inquired about it.

"Yes, sir, my son is working now," said the smiling old mother. "Makes good money, he does, too. All he has to do is to go twice a day to the circus and put his head in the lion's mouth. The rest of the time he's as to himself."

A Country of Earthquakes.

Japan is peculiarly the victim of elemental forces. The only satisfaction its people can derive from living in a country which contains fifty-one active volcanoes and has an average of about 600 earthquake shocks yearly is that in all probability Japan would never have existed but for the seismic and volcanic agency which has elevated whole districts above the ocean by means of repeated eruptions.

Collar as a Verb.

The verb "collar" has long used transitively, meaning to "seize or take hold of a person by the collar; more loosely, to capture." The verb was thus employed early in the seventeenth century. Steele in the Guardian, No. 84, wrote, "If you advised him not to collar any." Other instances are Gentleman's Magazine, 1762. "His lordship collared the footman who threw it," and Marryat's sentence in "Peter Simple." "He was collared by two French soldiers."

Historically speaking, there is a big difference between the Magua Charta and the bill of rights. The first was obtained by the barons from King John at Runnymede in June, 1215, the other by the lords and commons from the Prince and Princess of Orange in 1688-89.

Magua Charta will ever remain the greatest landmark in the constitutional history of England, but next to the great charter wrung from John by the barons must stand the bill of rights that was so graciously conceded to by King William.—New York American.

"That man is about the most tactless person I have ever known."

"I agree with you. He would have no more sense than to ask a barber to subscribe to a fund for the purpose of providing a monument for the inventor of the safety razor."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"There are books in the rumpling brooks," quoted the ready-made philosopher.

"I've heard about all that," said the weary citizen. "What I want to know is whether there are any trout."—Washington Star.

"This is a funny ship."

"How so?"

"They have no clock in the cabin."

"Oh, no! But they always keep a watch on the deck."—Stray Stories.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

The Judge Scores.

Several lawyers in a Southern city were discussing the merits and demerits of a well-known member of the bar who had been gathered to his fathers, when one of the party related an incident of the time when he had studied in the old man's office.

It seems that the inefficiency of the copying clerk there kept the judge continually worked up to the point of explosion. One day a wire basket fell off the top of the clerk's desk and scattered his cheek. Not having any court plaster, the young man slipped on three postage-stamps and went out with his work.

Later in the day he had occasion to take certain papers to the court, and forgetting all about the stamps, he put on his hat to go out. At the door he met the judge, who raised his head and fixed the clerk with an astonished stare.

"Anything wrong, sir?" stammered the bewildered clerk.

"Yes, sir, there is," thundered the old gentleman. "You are carrying too much postage for second-class matter!"

The Final Word.

A tourist who recently returned from England tells the following anecdote on Baron Russell and the Archbishop of Canterbury:

At a certain state affair the archbishop found himself by the rule of precedence in England, which gives him place next to royalty, walking ahead of the famous judge. As the line was being arranged, he whispered over his shoulder: "I don't know why they put me ahead of you, unless it is that, while the law can only say to a man 'You be hanged,' the church can say, 'You be damned.'"

"Perhaps that's the reason," replied the witty Irishman, "but, if so, they shouldn't have overlooked one thing, namely, when the law says to a man, 'You be hanged,' he is hanged."

According.

Mistress (to prospective servant): And what wages have you been getting?

Servant: "Well, you see, ma'am, wages vary according to what you do."

Mistress: "You mean that the more you do, the more wages you would expect?"

Servant: "Oh, no, ma'am. That's what you might think, ma'am, but my brother is a student of political economy and he says it's just the other way; the more you do, the less you get. And so, ma'am, if I take a charge of the whole house and do the washing, I get three dollars a week. If I just cook and help with the upstairs, I get five. If I do nothing but the cooking, I get seven."

A Counter Attraction.

It was at a ball game between Chicago and Pittsburgh. The score was tied, two men out, a runner was on third, and Hans Wagner was at bat. The crowd was too excited to be noisy.

A sporting editor had taken his neighbor was not a fan, but he had succumbed to the delight of "travelling on a pass," and was having a real, garlicky, good time.

At the moment when there wasn't a heart beating on the bleachers, and the grand-standers were nauseated with suspense, the sporting editor's neighbor quipped this:

"Look, Jake! Look at that coke train! Did you ever see one engine pulling so many cars? I'm gonna count 'em!"

Illustrated His System.

It was a habit of the wise Frenchman Arago to look during his lectures at the young man who appeared the dullest of the students, and when he perceived that this one understood he knew all the others did.

Once in a drawing room he had just explained this habit of his to some friends when a young man entered and related him familiarly.

"But to whom have I the honor of speaking?" asked the scientist.

"Why, Professor Arago, you do not know me? I always attend your lectures and you never take your eyes off me the whole time."

Light Nourishment.

A woman from the West had engaged accommodations at a New England summer resort, explaining at the time that she had been quite ill, and that her meals "wouldn't amount to anything," as she couldn't eat any hearty food, and took only a little nourishment.

The proprietor asked her what kind of food she wanted; whereupon she looked at him in a discouraged fashion, and replied:

"Oh, I take a light breakfast, and then I take twenty-six raw eggs during the day, and a glass of milk every hour."

Cast-Off Uniforms in Demand.

Much money is made out of cast-off police uniforms. Quantities are bought by African traders and exported to various parts of the "dark continent," where they were exchanged for palm-oil, ivory, skins and other merchandise. It is by no means an uncommon sight to see a swartly savage dressed in the uniform of London policeman, and wearing the regulation helmet of the force.—London Mail.

Inconsistent.

A man who took his infant daughter to be baptised told the clergyman to call her Venus.

"But I refuse to call her Venus," said the clergyman indignantly. "Venus is the name of a pagan goddess."

"Well, how about your own girl, Diana?" said the man.

Blotchy—When she wasn't looking I kissed her.

Blotchy—What did she do?

Blotchy—Refused to look at me for the rest of the evening.—Philadelphia Record.

Try to secure some part of each day for meditation. Apart from men we can look ourselves more honestly in the face, lift up our hearts to God and give our panting lives a chance.—

Milly—Is this picture like your father?—Of course not silly! It is like father when he has his picture taken.—Puck.

If air-laid lime be used in earth in which plants are potted it will keep worms away.

Saving a Dollar a Week.

"It's mighty hard," said an unfortunate workingman some time ago to the writer, "to save up \$1000 by laying aside a dollar or two a week and then to take it out of the saving bank and lose it to a get-rich-quick swindler, as I have just done." This poor fellow could have saved and save, but he had not even a kindergarten education in finance, else his story would have been different. He had never given a thought to interest, so was absolutely ignorant of growth through compound interest, and of course, had never heard of that wonderful process of accumulation known as "progressive compound interest."

One dollar deposited in a savings bank that pays 4 per cent. will amount to \$2.19 in 20 years. This is simple compound interest. Now, if you deposit \$1 every year for 20 years, or \$20 in all, the sum to your credit will have grown to \$50.87. Any wage-earner can put by \$1 a week. That money deposited in a savings bank for 20 years will have increased to \$16.12. A deposit of \$5 a week will have grown to \$58.00, and \$15 a week will be \$173.21 a year. There is no secret, no mystery about this. It is clear as the cloudless sun and the method is just as clean and honest.—Christian Herald.

Would Save His Money.

Here is a story which ex-Secretary of War Dickenson tells of how a colored man planned to save money when his brother died. The darky went to the station agent in his little town, which was about 60 miles from Memphis, Tenn., and asked solemnly:

"Boss, how much is it to fetch a corpse from hyuh to Memphis?"

The agent told him.

"Well, boss, how much is it to fetch a corpse on a round trip from hyuh to Memphis?"

This information was also given, but the agent added:

"I never heard of carrying a corpse on a round trip."

"Well, boss, you see it's dis way," explained the darky. "Dis hyuh corpse is my brudder, an' we got a lot ob kin folks up in Memphis. All dem kin folks would come down hyuh to look at de corpse an' dey would jes' eat me outen house an' home. I thought I'd save money by fetchin' dis corpse up dar an' lettin' 'em take a look at him. Den I could bring him back and bury him quiet an' peaceful."—Rochester Herald.

The Real Heaven.

The druggist approached the celestial gate. St. Peter opened the portal for him and bade him enter and join the heavenly choir.

"Not so fast," admonished the companion of pills. "Before I go in there I want to ask a few questions. Have you any city directories in Paradise?"

"No," replied Peter.

"Any remedies for growing hair on bald heads and doorknobs?"

"None."

"Any soda fountain?"

"We don't know what they are."

"Do you sell stamps?"

"We don't use them here."

"And last, but not least, have you any telephones?"

"We have not."

"Then I'll go in, for I guess this is heaven all right, all right."—Louisville Post.

Partners in All Things.

A young lawyer in a western town was taken into partnership with his father and soon got the idea that he was the whole firm. He fell into a habit of saying at the conclusion of a successful case:

"Well, father, I won that case, all right."

Finally the old man, becoming irritated by the son's assumption of importance, banded out this advice:

"George, it seems to me that whenever this firm does anything you might give me half of the credit of it. Don't put on so many airs."

The youth took the advice to heart, and a few days later rushed into the office with this report:

"Father, I-I mean we—we have been sued for breach of promise!"—Popular Magazine.

Aroused.

He had been in a state of coma for two days. There has been three consultations to doctors, and his family had given up hope. The physicians had gathered for a final consideration of his case. One after another they shook their heads and gravely remarked that the only thing they could do was to make his last hours easy. Then his next-door neighbor arrived and begged to be permitted to see the sick man. After a good deal of arguing he was permitted to enter the room where the invalid lay.

"George," he exclaimed, "Georgel Get up. I've got two passes to tomorrow's ball game."

It is needless to add that George got up.—Chicago Record-Herald.

His Hands in Her Muff.

"My hands are nearly frozen," he complained.

"Won't you put them in my muff?" she sweetly asked.

"But you would have to take your hands out if I did that."

It is plenty large enough for both of us.

"Well, all right, I'll just sit on the front seat, then, no."

"But there is a way in which you can put them in and still sit here beside me."

"All right. Hold it over this way, then, please."

"O, psbaw! If I must tell you how, put one of your arms around me."

It should be explained, however, that they had been married for several years.—Chicago Record-Herald.

An Unnecessary Expense.

The Mother—Now that Tillie is going to the young ladies' seminary she needs a new wardrobe.

The Father how much?

"Oh, a couple of thousand."

"Unl! Don't educate her. No one will know the difference."—Life.

Mr. Wunder—It seems to me that that music teacher is always asking for money.

Mrs. Wunder—That's perfectly natural. His scale, you know, begins and ends with dough.—Baltimore American.

Mrs. Smith—My husband always says that I am his first thought.

Mrs. Jones—From all that I hear he seems to think that second thoughts are best.—Stray Stories.

The Bishop's Wedding Fees.

Not so very long ago a distinguished bishop of the Episcopal church, being made bishop, the men of his congregation gave him a farewell dinner when he retired from the direct charge of the church to which he belonged. During the dinner, which took place at a large and fashionable restaurant, the conversation turned upon ministerial duties, and the recently-elected bishop was questioned on the subject of marriage fees.

The question was interesting, for the church over which he had presided for many years was one of the wealthiest in the country, and many weddings had taken place there, where the names of the participants had been household words because of their money and social distinction.

"Twenty-five dollars has been an average fee for me to receive," replied the bishop. "I have of course received much less and frequently more—sometimes \$100, and a very few times I have \$500—never more than that."

"Why, I gave the bishop more than that when he married me," said one of the guests at the dinner, a middle-aged man of influence in the church, to the man sitting beside him. "He must have forgotten it."

"No," responded the latter, "Dr. Black"—calling the bishop by name, with which they were most familiar—"never forgot anything of that kind in his life. He has a remarkable head for figures and dates, and, besides, he keeps, in various ways, a complete record of most of the occurrences of his professional life. I would ask him about it."

In saying goodbye that evening the man did so.

"Bishop," he said, "it is so long since you married me—twenty years—that you have forgotten the fee I gave you. I gave you \$1,000."

"No," said the bishop, "you are one of the weddings I had in mind when I mentioned the \$500 fee. I remember it distinctly. Your best man brought it around to me the day after wedding."

The "best man," also a prominent man in the church, had then been dead for several years.

Figured the Wrong Way.

"Two old sots who had spent most of their lives on fishing snags had an argument one day as to which was the better mathematician," said George U. Wiedemeyer the other day. "Finally the captain of their ship proposed the following problem, which each would try to work out: If a fishing crew caught 600 pounds of cod and brought their catch to port and sold it at 6 cents a pound, how much would they receive for the fish?"

"Well, the two old fellows got to work, but neither seemed able to master the intricacies of the deal in fish and were unable to get any answer."

"At last old Bill turned to the captain and asked him to repeat the problem. The captain started off, 'If a fishing crew caught 500 pounds of cod and—'

"Wait a moment," said Bill. "Is it codfish they caught?"

"Yes," said the captain.

"Then it's all right," said Bill. "No wonder I couldn't get an answer. Here I've been figuring on salmon all the time!"

Newark Star.

Addressing The Jury.

A man who had never been in court before in his life was recently called as a witness in a court in southern Indiana. On oath sworn he took a position with his back to the jury and began telling his story to the judge; who courteously said, "Address your remarks to the jury, sir."

The witness paused for a moment, but not comprehending what was said to him, remained in the same position.

"The judge" was then more explicit and said, "Speak to the jury, sir; the men behind you on the benches."

The witness turned around, bowed awkwardly, and said, "Good morning gentlemen."—National Monthly.

He Exaggerated.

"What was the worst knock you ever got?" we asked a little group of young married men the other day.

"I can tell mine and skin the other fellows before they start," replied one who shall be nameless, for his wife's sake. "My wife hit me in the vanity harder than anyone else ever did."

"That's nothing," chorused the rest. "That's everybody's experience."

"I suppose so. But listen. The other night I woke up suddenly, hearing a noise downstairs. 'What's the matter,' asked my wife, 'daddy,' I think there's a man in the house," I said. 'My dear, she murmured, 'You flatter yourself.'"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Mending.

See the man! and the woman! The man needs to mend his ways and for that has the woman married him.

Precisely.

Will her sacrifice avail her anything? Oh, no—not a blessed thing. What, then, does it signify? Merely, that mending is woman's work.—Puck.

Rivers was looking over the obituary column in the morning paper.

"Well," he said, "I see my old friend Flutterby has joined the great majority."

"Why, has he been getting mixed up in some of these bribery cases?" inquired Mrs. Rivers, who never had heard of Flutterby.

Sanitarium Doctor—So Mrs. Pittsfield was here while I was away?

Nurse—Yes, sir. She wanted to take her husband home, but he said he preferred to stay here.

Doctor—I've suspected that case all along; the man was not crazy at all.—Puck.

"Ella told me Bill was awfully nervous when he proposed."

"Maybe, but so was she when he did so!"—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

Teacher—Tell me! How do you prove that the earth is round? Dull but Smart Pupil—I never said it was!—Puck.

"Is he very rich?"

"Well, I don't think they had to call out the mounted police when his daughter was married."—Detroit Free Press.

"What is the most valuable knowledge that a statesman can acquire?"

"The knowledge," replied Senator Borah, "of when to change his mind."—Washington Star.

He—I was born on the second of April.

She—Late—as usual.—Life.

When The Ocean Billows Roll.

"I was coming from Liverpool upon one of the famous liners," says Bishop Potter, "and although the sky was clear and the weather warm a somewhat tempestuous sea had occasioned more than the usual amount of seasickness among the passengers. As I paced the deck one afternoon, I noticed a lady reclining upon one of the benches and the uncanny pallor of her face and the hopeless languidity of her manner indicated that she had reached that state of collapse which marks the limit of seasickness."

"Touched by this piteous spectacle, and approaching the poor creature, in my most compassionate tone, I asked: 'Madam, can I be of any service to you?'"

"She did not open her eyes, but I heard her murmur feebly: 'Thank you, sir, but there is nothing you can do—nothing at all.'"

"At last," said I tenderly, "permit me to bring you a glass of water."

"She moved her head feebly and answered: 'No, I thank you—nothing at all.'"

"But your husband, madam," said I, "the gentleman lying there with his head in your lap—shall I not bring something to revive him?"

"One lady again moved her head feebly, and again she murmured feebly and between gasps: 'Thank you, sir, but—help—help—my—husband.'"

"—don't know—who he is!"—From the book "Heart Throbs."

One Story Eclipsed.

"Hot in Brazil?" said the young man had just returned from a trip to South America. "Well, I should say so. Do you know, for days at a time we couldn't take our after-dinner naps on account of the peculiar noisiness."

"What noisiness?" asked the stenographer innocently.

"Why, the coffee popping on the trees. You see, the sun was so hot the grains just roasted before they were picked."

The old traveler yawned.

"Rather warm down there, but," he rejoined, innocently, "but when I was down there you couldn't sleep at night. Every one in a while there would sound the most extraordinary crackling noise that never fell upon the human ear."

"What were the sounds, Mr. Elmer?"

And Mr. Elmer yawned again and replied: "The rubber trees stretching themselves."—Chicago News.

Too Much Ceremony.

A Cincinnati drummer happened to be put at a table at Columbus with a number of legislators, and the courtly way in which they addressed each other greatly bored the commercial traveler. It was: "Will the gentleman from Harlan do this?" and "The gentleman from Franklin do that?" They invariably spoke to each other as the gentleman from whatever country they happened to hail from.

For 10 or 15 minutes the drummer bore it in silence.

Then he suddenly crushed the statesmen by singing out in stentorian tones to the waiter: "Will the gentleman from Ethiopia please pass the butter!" That ended the "gentleman from" business.—Ketchikan Sunday Herald.

Remarkable.

"One of the astronomers claims that he has charted 60,000 new worlds."

"Ky George, it's remarkable!"

"Not so very when you consider the fact he has the use of the largest telescope in the world."

I wasn't thinking of that. What I consider strange is that with so many other worlds in existence the lady who is acting as stepmother for my children had to light on this one.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Union Services Held.

The second in the series of union services participated in by the members of the first Baptist, Pentecost, Congregational and Park Place churches, was held Sunday morning at the Park Place Church. In the evening another was held on the lawn of the First Baptist Church. Rev. Wilbur Nelson of Saginaw, Mich., was the speaker at both. There were special musical programmes under the direction of the choir of the First Baptist Church.

Smithers—Do you know any one who has a horse to sell?—Sue—Yes; I suspect old Brown has. Smithers—Why?—Sue—Well, papa sold him one yesterday.—London Punch.

Book Agent—Can I interest you in "Another Man's Wife?"

Life.

Mrs. WISLOW'S SOUTHWEST GROUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teaching. It discards all light and broken of your text by a new, child-enforcing and crying with a pain of cutting. This book at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Wislow's Southwest Group" for children. Teaching. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures Wind Colic, soothes the throat, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the weak system. "Mrs. Wislow's Southwest Group" for children teaching is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best family physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Beware of cheap imitations. "Mrs. Wislow's Southwest Group" is guaranteed under the name of Dr. J. C. Wislow, 1000 North Dearborn, Chicago, Ill. Serial number 1000.

Concentrate! The fellow who plays for General results is making a Dutch book on himself.

Every nervous person should try Carter's Little Liver Pills. They are made especially for nervous and dyspeptic men and women, and are just the medicine needed by all persons who suffer from any cause, do not sleep well, or fail to get proper strength from their food. Cases of weak stomach, indigestion, dyspepsia, nervous and sick headaches, etc., readily yield to the use of the Little Liver Pills, particularly if combined with Carter's Little Liver Pills. In violent cases.

It's easier to swim than it is to swim back the swimmer gets nowhere!

Backache is almost immediately relieved by wearing one of Carter's Smart Wad and Belladonna Backache Plasters. Try one and be free from pain. Price 15 cents.

You've got to pick the Good Going when you put all of your eggs in one basket.

No one knows better than those who have used Carter's Little Liver Pills what relief they have given when taken for dyspepsia, indigestion, pain in the side, constipation, and disordered stomach.

The Trouble with some of our acts that we want to have our Work Tabloid!

Why don't you try Carter's Little Liver Pills. They are a positive cure for sick headache, and all the ills produced by disordered liver. Only one pill a dose.

How's Green getting along in his new place?"

"Not as well as at first. You see he's been there long enough now to know more than the men who employed him."—Detroit Free Press.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

All Sorts.

His Carelessness—"Why did 't you answer my letter about the money you owe me?" "Cause you didn't close a stamp."

Lawyer (annoyed)—Better let your case somewhere else. You are too thin skinned for me.

Client—Hardly pay to skin me, eh?—Boston Transcript.

Spilled the View.—Painter's Wife—That's a view of the Alps. Glorious thing, isn't it?

Uncle From Somerset—Well, if it wasn't for all them mountains I might be able to see a'uthin.—London Opinion.

Physician (reflectively): "H'm! The case is, I think, that will yield to a mild stimulant. Let me see your tongue, madam, if you please."

Husband of Patient (hastily): "Doctor, her tongue doesn't need any stimulant!"

"What is Smith's grievance against the railway company?"

"He has two grievances. One of them is that some of the trains don't stop at his station and the other that after he gets in the train they lose time by stopping at other stations!"—London Telegraph.

Making Use of It.—"There is no use giving you a check, my dear. My bank account is overdrawn."

"Well, give it to me anyway, George. And, say, make it for five hundred dollars. I want to pull it out of my shopping bag with my handkerchief at the bridge game this afternoon."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Paw, is there any difference between lumber and lumber?"

"There is no necessary difference in kind or size. They differ merely in degree or stage of development. For example, a man may be spoken of as good timber for some high office and yet represent nothing but lumber when he gets there."—Chicago Times.

A well known clergyman who is very stout was having unusual difficulty one morning in lacing his shoes.

"My dear, you ought to have a valet," remarked his wife sympathetically.

"A valet?" echoed the clergyman.

"Well, my dear, if I had a valet where I now have a mountain it would answer."—Ladies' Home Journal.

An Insulting Addition.—An irate citizen started for the office of his local newspaper for the purpose of clubbing the editor. One of his friends asked him what the editor had done to him, and he said:

"I sent him a letter signed 'Honestas' and he printed it, but added another 's'."—Minneapolis Journal.

Implicit Obedience.—Angry Diner, Waiter, there's a fly in this soup.

Patent Waiter. Yes, sir.

Angry Diner. Remove it at once!

Patent Waiter. The fly, sir?

Angry Diner. Not you idiot; the soup!

Patent Waiter. And leave the fly, sir?—Youkers Statesman.

Hopful.—"It was a terrible sensation," says the man who is narrating his experience while almost drowning. "After I went down for the third time my past life flashed before me in a series of pictures."

"You didn't happen to notice," asks the friend, edging forward with interest, "a picture of me leaping you that ten dollars in the fall of 1895, did you?"

—Life.

A Very Different Thing.—"So Dr. Kwack couldn't save poor Dunley after all?"

"No, but then it wasn't the doctor's fault. He was treating Dunley for lung trouble."

"Well, and wasn't that what killed him?"

"Oh! not at all. It was his heart; it stopped beating, you know."—The Catholic Standard and Times.

Custom House Humor.—Two Germans who were crossing the Luxembourg frontier declared to the customs officials: "We have with us three bottles of red wine each. How much is there to pay?"

"Where is it?" was asked.

"Well, inside us."

The official gravely looked at his tariff book and read: "Wine in casks, twenty shillings; in bottles, forty-eight shillings; in donkeys' hides, free. Gentlemen," he added, looking up, "you can go."—Der Guttempler.

Her Misfortune.—Winston Churchill, the young English statesman, once began to raise a mistake, and while it was still in the budding stage he was asked to a dinner party to take out to dinner an English girl who had decided opposing political views.

"I am sorry," said Mr. Churchill. "We cannot agree on politics."

"No, we can't," rejoined the girl; "for to be frank with you, I like your politics about as little as I do your moustache."

"Well," replied Mr. Churchill, "remember that you are not really likely to come into contact with either."—Red Hen.

The difference learning golf and motor is that in golf at first you hit nothing, but in motor everything.—Puck.

Mortification Well Earned.

An Englishman, alone with Richard, the novelist, said to him, "I am happy to pay my respects to the author of 'Sir Charles Grandison,' for at Paris, and at The Hague, and, in fact, at every place I have visited, it is much admired."

Richardson appeared not to notice the compliment, but when all the company were assembled addressed the gentleman with, "Sir I think you were saying something about 'Sir Charles Grandison.'"

"No, sir," he replied. "I do not remember ever to have heard it mentioned."—From Orville's "Cyclopedia of Anecdotes."

He's Surely One.

"Pop!"

"Yes, my boy."

"What is an ultimate consumer?"

"Why, you are my son. You are always the last one to leave the table."—Youkers Statesman.

"That man is a fanatic about temperance, isn't he?"

"Yes. I knew him once to leave a farm where he was to spend the summer because he met the farmer's son driving the horse to drink."—Baltimore American.

"How's Green getting along in his new place?"

"Not as well as at first. You see he's been there long enough now to know more than the men who employed him."—Detroit Free Press.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be observed:

1. Names and dates must be clearly written.
2. The full name and address of the writer must be given.
3. Make all queries as brief as possible.
4. Write on one side of the paper only.
5. Enclosing queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature.
6. Letters addressed to contributors, or for forwarding, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.

Direct all communications to:
Miss E. M. JILLEY,
Newport Historical Rooms,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1911.

QUERIES.

6791. ANDREWS—Ruth Andrews and Francis Harbord, both of Portsmouth, N. H., were married in Tiverton, February 12, 1780. She was born June 17, 1780, the daughter of John and Mary (Lawton) Andrews, who were married at Portsmouth, July 11, 1773. Mary was the daughter of Daniel Lawton, but the query is, was he Daniel 2, (Thomas 1), Lawton, or Daniel 3, son of Daniel 2? Mary was born in Portsmouth 1775, 8, 31, and would have been 36 years of age at the birth of Ruth Andrews mentioned. Daniel 3, Lawton was born 1687, 10, 22. Did he marry and have a daughter Mary? If so, will someone please give the name of his wife, the date of their marriage and the date of the birth of Mary.

Joseph 8, (Jeremiah 2, Stukely 1), Westcott was born in Warwick, R. I., in 1875. Whom, when, and where did he marry? Did he have a son Caleb, born December 6, 1718?—P. D. N.

6792. PORTER—Who were the parents of Edward Porter, who married first Elizabeth, and second Rhoda. He died 1877. When was he born, and what were the maiden names of his two wives?—B. Y.

6793. PROHAM—Who was Sarah wife of John Peckham, born 1845 died 1712. Any information in regard to her parentage would be welcome.—G. H.

6794. PARTRIDGE—Who were Edward and Hannah (Legg) Partridge, of Oakham, Mass? They had a son Bernard, born November 1, 1773. Did Edward Partridge serve in the War of the Revolution? What was the ancestry of his wife, Hannah Legg?—T. C.

6795. LARKIN—Who was Edward Larkin, whose name is on the list of early freemen of Westerly, R. I., from the settlement to 1727? There is also an Edward Larkin, Jr. Can any one tell me anything about the family?—M. S.

6796. BEARDSLEY—Who was the wife of Samuel Beardsley, son of emigrant William, 1808-1861?—F. G.

6797. BILL—Who was Thomas Bill, who had a wife Abigail (—) and a daughter Sarah? Sarah was born September 18, 1850.

6798. AUSTIN—What was the maiden name of Hannah, wife of Robert Austin?—W. S.

6799. HASKETT—Stephen Haskett was born in England, died in Salem, Mass. before 1806. He married Elizabeth Langdon, in Exeter, England. Who were her parents? She died after her husband. Should be glad for any of the missing dates and names.—A. G.

6800. HOAR—I should like to learn something concerning the ancestry of William Hoar, who is given on the list of Freemen in Bristol, R. I., in 1747.—B. H.

6801. HAVENS—Wanted the ancestry of Sylvester Havens who was on the roll of freemen in North Kingstown, R. I., in 1747. Who was his wife?—W. E.

6802. GOODWIN—Has anyone ever discovered the maiden name of the wife of William Goodwin, who sailed from London, June 22, 1832, and settled in Cambridge, Mass? He afterward removed to Connecticut, and in 1869-70, his wife Barbara joined him in a deed. I should like to know her ancestry, if it has ever been found.—W. E.

6803. GARDNER—Can any one give me any information concerning Ezekiel Gardner, who lived in North Kingstown, R. I., about the time of the Revolutionary War? I think he had a son Ezekiel, Jr. Had he any other children? If so, what were the dates of their birth and death? What was the ancestry of Ezekiel, and who was his wife?—W. H.

6804. ANDREWS—John Andrews, of Robert, was probably born in England, and was mentioned as a minor and the oldest son in his father's will, March 1, 1848. He had wife Sarah. What was her maiden name, and who were her parents? She died April 23, 1868, and he died intestate at Ipswich, Mass., March 13, 1862. I think they had two children, John and Sarah (Cannon). Robert also had son Thomas, who was a schoolmaster, at Ipswich, Mass. He did not marry, but died at Ipswich. Can any one tell me about—D. S.

The author of the "Cornell Genealogy" is about publishing a 2d edition of the book. He will be grateful to any one who will give him items to make it more complete and correct than the 1st edition. Address:
REV. JOHN CORNELL,
7-10m Cornell Farm, Newport, R. I.
The Greatest Traveller.

President Taft can certainly be called the great American traveller. Up to date he easily distances all competitors. When he completes his coming trip of thirteen thousand miles it is estimated that in ten years he will have travelled 275,433 miles. Before he was elected President he travelled many thousands of miles and during his two years and six months in office he has travelled

61,774 miles, or practically two and a half times around the earth. Within two months after his inauguration he took a trip to St. Louis and return, which aggregated more than 2,000 miles, having previously taken three shorter trips. In May he went as far South as Charlotte, N. C., and as far West as Pittsburgh. In July he went North to Massachusetts, stopping several times en route. In September came his great Western trip, lasting until November 10, and the next day he was off again for Connecticut, and the next week for Norfolk, Va. Twice in December he went North, once to Connecticut and once to New York.

By April of this year the President had added nearly 5,500 miles to his record in various short trips, and throughout the special session of Congress hardly a week passed that the President did not make at least one trip out of Washington. Up to January 1 of this year he had travelled 21,860 miles as President, so that his mileage since that date approximates 40,000, exclusive of the coming trip.

Unexpected Honesty.

Losing money in the failure of the Denver Bank Company when it closed several years ago, Mrs. A. J. Fish, of Cincinnati this week received a check for her losses sustained, which was signed by J. W. Imboden, former Cashier. Imboden has just completed a sentence in the Colorado State Prison and found that a small amount of money invested in a mining company has grown to immense proportions, estimated at \$20,000,000. While the bank paid but a small amount of the losses by the depositors, Imboden has just now taken it upon himself, in view of his wealth, to send checks in full to cover all losses sustained. Although she has not lived in Denver for several years, Mrs. Fish has never given up hope of getting back the money she lost in the bank. She was talking about the matter to a neighbor when she was handed a letter containing the check from Imboden.

MIDDLETOWN.

Bishop Ferry is expected to be the preacher at the eleven o'clock service at St. Columba's on Sunday.

A large number from the island went over to the Kingston Fair on Wednesday, Grange Day, and Thursday, Governor's Day.

The Newport County Agricultural Society again extend their annual gift of four tickets to the Fair to each school in the town.

Miss Winnebelle A. L. Peckham began her duties as teacher at West Newton Mass. Monday. She taught last year in East Providence. Miss Elizabeth P. Anthony also resumed, this week, her position at the Mountclair New Jersey grammar and Miss Nellie R. Peckham in the Newport grammar. The following students returned Sunday to Providence to complete their last half year at the Rhode Island State Normal School: Miss Amy Barker, Miss Ardella Peckham, Miss T. Grace Anthony, Miss Mary Smith, and Miss Alice Peckham.

Mrs. Wallace Farnum, who has been in Providence for several days, has submitted to a third operation on her eye. Her sight has been failing for years, owing to a growth over the eye.

The Women's Christian Temperance Union met for re-organization on Tuesday when the following officers were elected:

President, Mrs. Lizzie Wyatt; Vice Presidents, M. E. Church, Mrs. Charles Peckham; Episcopal Church, Mrs. B. W. H. Peckham; Unitarian Church, Mrs. Phoebe C. Taber; Secretary, Mrs. Edith A. Peckham; Treasurer, Miss Edith A. Peckham; Superintendent Sunday School Work, Mrs. Lydia B. Brown; Flower Mission, Mrs. Ida M. Chase and Mrs. Charles Peckham; Work among Foreigners, Mrs. Edith A. Peckham; Peace and Arbitration, Mrs. E. A. Peckham; and also is Superintendent Scientific Temperance Instruction in Public Schools; Hygiene, heredity, and medical temperance, Mrs. Phoebe C. Taber; Press Work, Mrs. B. W. H. Peckham. Mrs. William Wyatt will attend the annual convention at Westerly as delegate October 4 and 5.

On account of the crowded condition of the Peabody school, several children being temporarily excluded, the committee are fitting up two rooms in the house owned by Mrs. Clara B. Grinnell. There will be accommodations for about 20 pupils and the work is being pushed as rapidly as possible.

Mr. Crawford P. Hart is spending a week at home before re-entering Kingston College next week.

It is rumored that Portuguese have recently purchased a portion of the handsome lot opposite the M. E. Church and intend to build.

Middletown's oldest woman resident, Mrs. Mary Anthony, aged 83, who has been confined to her room and bed for nearly three years, as a result of failing health, has greatly improved this summer and has been able to take short walks about the grounds of her niece, Mrs. Ashton G. Barker. On Sunday last she was driven to the beach and greatly enjoyed the trip. She has never seen Stone Bridge and has been off the island but once in her long life and that when she was a young girl.

Pen, Chisel and Brush.

Louis St. Gaudens, brother of the famous sculptor and an artist of rare promise himself, is now working on six allegorical figures for the new Union station in Washington.

Miss Kathryn Tucker, artist and writer, who went from Somerset, Ky., two years ago to become a teacher in a school at Kioto, Japan, is now editor of the Japanese Monthly, the leading publication of the kind in the empire.

The Prix de Rome for sculpture was awarded to Lucienne Henvelmans, who won a second prize in the same class two years ago. Her notable achievement has been made the occasion for rejoicing by women artists, who see in it the breaking down of what they call a prejudice against their sex.

A Convenient MEDICINE CABINET.

The home without a Medicine Closet is like a ship without a rudder for in an emergency you need to put your hand to the wheel at once and for safety's sake you want to have that wheel convenient. A low priced Cabinet which serves the intended purpose admirably comes

In Quartered Golden Oak.

The shelves—of which there are many—are so arranged that bottles of all sizes can be accommodated with no trouble at all. There is a place for everything and everything when wanted can be found with the least possible loss of time. Note the strong metal hangers by which it can be easily attached to the wall. Isn't it well worth the low price of \$4.50 which we've placed upon it as a special Titus offering?

A. C. TITUS CO.

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TWO LUXURIOUS TRAINS

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Through service. You pass through New York with no changing cars. No ladies traveling alone this is a great advantage. These trains are splendidly equipped—ventilated buffet parlor and dining car in either direction.

FEDERAL EXPRESS COLONIAL EXPRESS
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Through sleeping cars between Boston and Philadelphia and Washington. Daily Washington at 8 a. m. From Boston connection for all Southern Winter Resorts.

Excursion Tickets New On Sale.
For information write A. B. Smith, General Passenger Agent, New Haven, Conn.
NEW YORK, NEW HAVEN & HARTFORD RAILROAD.



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DE GOGORZA'S MARRIAGE

Church Doubts That He Was Free

When He Wedded Emma Eames

New York, Sept. 16.—Unless the wireless has already broken the news, Mme. Emma Eames, the opera singer, and her husband, Emilio De Gogorza, will learn when they arrive in New York on the steamer La Portaine that Archbishop Amette of Paris has ordered a new inquiry into the circumstances that preceded their marriage by a Roman Catholic priest on July 12.

The inquiry will revolve around De Gogorza, and has as its object to determine whether he was a single man in the eyes of the church, the presumption being that if his marriage to the first Mme. De Gogorza was only a civil proceeding he stands excused, but if it had the sanction of the Roman Catholic church the status may be different.

Tortured to Death
Elloxi, Miss., Sept. 13.—Dead from hundreds of stings by mosquitoes and other insects, the body of W. M. Holly was found chained to a stake in a marsh near here by hunters. Mystery surrounds the murder.

Military Airship Burns
Berlin, Sept. 15.—Germany's fastest military airship was accidentally burned. The fault seems to have been with the engine. No one was hurt.

Insulted.
A traveler relates a story illustrative of life in Spain. Alighting at the door of an inn, a man extended his hand, and, naturally supposing him to be a porter, the traveler offered him his valise.

The man stepped back, tossed his head and frowned scornfully.
"Do you take me for a porter?" he demanded. "I would have you understand that I am no porter."

"Indeed!" said the traveler apologetically. "Then may I ask, senior, what you are?"
"I am a beggar, sir, and asked you for alms!"

Eleven Soldiers Drown
Dresden, Saxony, Sept. 13.—Eleven German army scouts lost their lives while swimming their horses across the Elbe river during army maneuvers. The horses were carried away in the rapid current.

DELINQUENT--- TAXPAYERS

NOTICE

The undersigned hereby gives public notice that all taxes assessed for the year 1910 which his books show unpaid at the close of business

October 15, 1911,

Will be collected by levy and public sale of the real estate upon which the said unpaid taxes are a lien, and all costs incident thereto will be added to the original claim.

E. W. HIGBEE,

Collector of Taxes.

Newport, R. I., Sept. 11, 1911.

Carr's List.

Virginia Of The Rhodesians,
By Cynthia Stockley, author of "Poppy" and "The Claw."

A Prairie Courtship,
By Harold Bindloss.

Trevor Lordship,
By Mrs. Hubert Barclay.

The Dangerous Age,
By Karin Michaelis.

The Cruise Of The Snark,
By Jack London.

A Fine Line of Pencil Boxes
For the Children.

DAILY NEWS BUILDING

Down to Mexico every day brings forth something to strengthen the belief that it is much easier to start a revolution than to stop it.

The salmon packing season in British Columbia will close this week. The total pack is estimated at 760,000 cases.

There was a large attendance of Newporters at the Washington County Fair on Thursday.

Mother—I just got a letter from Ephraim saying as how he's took up fencing in college.

Father—Rat, stone, or barb?—Cornell Widow.

"Meet Me at Barney's."

You are most cordially invited to call at our

EXHIBIT COUNTY FAIR.

We shall be located

2d Floor, Front Building.

SOUVENIRS.

BARNEY'S Music Store,

140 Thames Street.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

Newport, September 16th, 1911.
THE UNDERSIGNED, Executor of the last will and Testament of JULIA GREENLEIGH, late of the City of Newport, deceased, which will has been limited to probate by the Probate Court of the City of Newport, hereby give notice that they have accepted said will and have given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.
ALEXANDER D. TAYLOR, JUNIOR, CHAS. H. KOEHN, JUNIOR, Attorneys.

James William Brown and Others, present to this Court their petition in writing, praying that, Maria E. Brown, Widow, or some other suitable person, be appointed Administratrix on the estate of ALFRED D. BROWN, deceased.

It is ordered that the consideration of said petition be referred to the Court of Probate to be held at the Town Hall on said Monday, on Monday, the eighteenth day of September next, A. D. 1911, at one o'clock p. m., and that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week at least, in the Newport Mercury.

ALBERT L. CHASE, Probate Clerk.

No. 1563
REPORT

OF THE CONDITION OF THE NATIONAL EXCHANGE BANK at Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, at the close of business September 1, 1911.

RESOURCES.	DOLLARS.
Loans and discounts	\$38,928.82
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured	2,135.00
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	100,000.00
Premium on U. S. Bonds	3,750.00
Bonds, securities, etc.	15,610.21
Banking house, furniture and fixtures	\$60,750.00
Due from approved reserve agents	22,183.15
Checks and other cash items	338.45
Exchanges for clearing houses	5,881.81
Notes of other National Banks	1,200.00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents	1,628.55
LAWFUL MONEY RESERVE IN BANK, VIZ:	
Specie	\$1,130.33
Legal-tender notes	2,671.00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent. of circulation)	5,000.00
Total	\$715,653.70

LIABILITIES.	DOLLARS.
Capital stock paid in	\$100,000.00
Surplus fund	65,000.00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid	28,988.57
National Bank notes outstanding	95,000.00
Due to other National Banks	2,962.80
Due to Trust Companies and Savings Banks	25,511.85
Dividends unpaid	70.00
Individual deposits subject to check	\$54,008.22
Demands, certificates of deposit	10,705.08
Certified checks	1,004.20
Total	\$715,653.70

State of Rhode Island, County of Newport, ss: I, George H. Proud, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

GEORGE H. PROUD, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 7th day of September, 1911.

PACKER BRAMAN, Notary Public.

Correct—Attest: Edward R. Peckham, Ralph R. Barker, F. H. Coggeshall, Directors.

No. 1192
REPORT

OF THE CONDITION OF THE NEWPORT NATIONAL EXCHANGE BANK at Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, at the close of business September 1, 1911.

RESOURCES.	DOLLARS.
Loans and discounts	\$38,928.82
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured	2,135.00
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	100,000.00
Bonds, securities, etc.	15,610.21
Banking house, furniture and fixtures	\$60,750.00
Due from approved reserve agents	22,183.15
Checks and other cash items	338.45
Exchanges for clearing houses	5,881.81
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents	1,628.55
LAWFUL MONEY RESERVE IN BANK, VIZ:	
Specie	\$1,130.33
Legal-tender notes	2,671.00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent. of circulation)	5,000.00
Due from U. S. Treasurer	7,000.00
Total	\$720,100.10

LIABILITIES.	DOLLARS.
Capital stock paid in	\$100,000.00
Surplus fund	65,000.00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid	\$5,013.31
National Bank notes outstanding	104,750.00
Dividends unpaid	45.50
Individual deposits subject to check	\$54,257.65
Demands, certificates of deposit	8,551.68
Certified checks	100.00
Cashiers' checks outstanding	199.21
Total	\$720,100.10

State of Rhode Island, County of Newport, ss: I, Henry U. Stevens, Jr., Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 7th day of September, 1911.

PACKER BRAMAN, Notary Public.

Correct—Attest: Albert C. Sherman, Simon Hart, William Stevens, Directors.

Rhode Island NORMAL SCHOOL

Announces the opening of the next term on Monday, Sept. 11, at 9 a. m. The School offers four courses of study, as follows:

1. A general course of two and one-half years which prepares for teaching in the primary and grammar grades of the public schools.

2. A Kindergarten-Primary course of the same length.

3. A special course of one year for teachers of successful experience.

4. A course of one year for college graduates, training for the higher grades, for high school teachers and for supervision.

Catalogues will be sent on application.

8-22w

More Fitting.

Rev. Mr. Hollers—Miss John Jobson, what for you call dat son of yoh's Izak Wilson, when he was baptized George Washington?

Mr. Johnson—Because, esch, dat race's reputation for veracity made dat change imperative.

"Is a ton of coal very much so?"
"It depends on whether you are shovelling it or burning it."—Cleveland Leader.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE

BY VIRTUE of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed, made by George L. Payne, of the town of New Shoreham, county of Newport and State of Rhode Island, and bearing date May 23d, A. D. 1894, and recorded in Book No. 3, page 431, of the Records of Mortgages of Real Estate, in the town of New Shoreham. There having been default of breach in the performance of the conditions contained in said mortgage, and the same having continued for more than ten days, there will be sold at public auction, on the premises hereinafter described, in said town of New Shoreham, on SATURDAY, the 23rd day of September, A. D. 1911, at 2 o'clock p. m., all the right, title and interest of George L. Payne, at the time of the execution of said mortgage deed in and to one certain tract or parcel of land situated in the central part of the town of New Shoreham, comprising four lots and containing by estimate about six acres, be the same more or less, and bounded as follows: Northerly and Easterly on land of Charles H. and Charles A. Mitchell; Southerly on land formerly of the estate of James A. Dodge and partly on land of Clark J. Smith and Roxanna Mitchell; Westerly on land of Mary T. Perry and land of the estate of Lydia P. Perry.

The undersigned hereby gives notice of her intention to bid at said sale.

ELIZABETH J. KENYON, Mortgagee.

Block Island, R. I., Sept. 1, 1911.—24w

Rhode Island State College

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